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THE LIFE OF LAZARILLO DE TORMES

THE LIFE OF
LAZARILLO DE TORMES
AND HIS FORTUNES AND ADVERSITIES

DONE OUT OF THE CASTILIAN
FROM R. FOULCHÉ-DELBOSC'S
RESTITUTION OF THE EDITIO
PRINCEPS

By LOUIS HOW
WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY
CHARLES PHILIP WAGNER



NEW YORK
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1917

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PRINTED IN AMERICA

WITH GRATITUDE AND GREAT RESPECT,
TO
R. FOULCHÉ-DELBOSC

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INTRODUCTION

When it becomes possible to write the definitive history of the origins of the modern novel, there will be much mention of Spain, whose original literature is being ever more closely studied and better understood. In particular, the results of comparative method and the interpretation of bibliographical data are making it increasingly clear that the latest great literary form, the peculiar contribution of the nineteenth century, rests upon a foundation of sixteenth century Spanish models. The earliest recognizable examples of the novel of adventure, the sentimental novel and the novel of manners, are Spanish, and each is a masterpiece of its kind.

The first two of these must be considered a heritage of the romantic or idealizing tend-

ency which prevailed in mediæval fiction in verse. Just as in France the first prose romances were prose translations, if we may call them so, of the earlier metrical ones, so in Spain the national epics, with their verse structure very ill disguised, found their way into the chronicles, and certain French poems of the Carlovingian cycle were worked over into the thirteenth century Castilian of the *Gran Conquista de Ultramar*. The first Spanish novel worthy of the name, the *Libro del Caballero Cifar*, written about 1300, makes use of the *matière de Bretagne* and is preponderatingly romantic in tone. It points plainly to the sentimentality and extravagance of the romances of chivalry, of which the most famous, the *Amadis of Gaul*, existed at least as early as 1350, in a form more primitive than the one preserved to us.

The *Amadis* and its like, tiresome as they now seem for the most part, even to the professional explorers of this field, were the favorite form of fiction in Spain until well

past the first half of the sixteenth century, when they gave way to the pastoral novel, a more specialized form of the same impulse. It is the popularity of idealizing fiction at this time that lends such significance to the appearance, about the middle of the century, of a work of entirely different character.

The *Lazarillo de Tormes* is a work of the most uncompromising realism, direct in style where its predecessors were elaborate, and as brief in form as they were voluminous. It is the first novel to dare to choose its hero from the dregs of society, and above all the first to create the impression of absolute and eternal actuality which makes it live while its contemporaries are forgotten. Whether we choose to regard the *Lazarillo* as an unaccountable but timely flash of genius, or as a conscious protest of the anti-hero against the ubiquitous hero, or as merely an inevitable and logical step in the development of the novel of manners, in any case its position as the first rogue novel is unassailable.)

This is to say merely that the claims of the *Lazarillo* to priority are beyond dispute, not that the forces which produced it had not long been at work and given results, both outside and inside Spain. In mediæval France, the *ribaud* of servant's hall or market-place, ancestor of the *pícaro*, amused his low-born audience with the versified anecdotes we know as *fabliaux*, or with more reformative intent elaborated beast satire as we have it in *Renart*. One of his careless crew, by the apparently simple device of grouping a number of roguish episodes about a single figure and giving artistic unity to the whole, created the thirteenth century *Trubert*, which but for the technicality of its being in verse, we must consider the first picaresque romance instead of *Lazarillo*. About the same time the German Stricker composed his *Pfaffe Amis* by a similar grouping of episodes. The *Til Eulenspiegel*, later by a couple of centuries, represents an experiment of the same kind in prose, and is significant for the

biographical material which it surely contains. It unfortunately lacks the sequential character of the novel. In Italy and England, the two arch-realists, Boccaccio and Chaucer, have given us some of the best short stories of picaresque interest, and it seems a miracle that neither should have invented the rogue novel.

There is no reason for believing that the anonymous author of *Lazarillo* knew these earlier foreign essays in realism, and still less for connecting him with Petronius or Apuleius, as some would like to do. It must be borne in mind that to those who know him best the Spaniard has always seemed an odd mixture of realist and idealist, who even in his highest flights keeps an eye on the earth. It is not then surprising to find the rogue and with him satire appearing very early in Spanish literature. A brief review of this material will help establish *Lazarillo's* pedigree.

In the *Caballero Cifar*, already mentioned,

appears the first Spanish *pícaro*, in the person of the Ribaldo, an out-and-out loafer, clever and witty, who speaks in proverbs and acts as a foil to the unreal hero. The amusing episodes in which he plays a part, some of which betray a folk origin, give a sort of unity to a work of very disparate character. Prince Juan Manuel's *Conde Lucanor*, composed about 1341, the greatest prose work which the Spanish Middle Ages can show, uses the rogue as Boccaccio does, in a number of more or less elaborate, unrelated anecdotes, which are models of story-telling. A work of more importance for us is the novel in verse, in which the reprobate Archpriest of Hita, Juan Ruiz, sets forth his own indiscretions and worse, in the guise of wholesome warnings. His *Libro de Buen Amor* (ca. 1350), is the work of an unquenchable realist who regards life with an eye at once affectionate and ironical, and it is not only the first rogue autobiography, but the most genial work of the period.

With ostensibly the same object as his colleague of Hita, the Archpriest of Talavera wrote his prose *Corbacho* nearly a century later, arranging under ethical categories the results of long and close contact with human frailty. The *Corbacho*, like the four works just mentioned, makes large use of proverbs and folk tales, and its extent makes it a substantial contribution to the already sizable body of Castilian literary prose.

The next step in the development of Spanish realism is represented by the famous *Tragicomedia de Calisto y Melibea*, better known, from its central figure, as the *Celestina*. The first known edition of this remarkable work bears the date 1499, and its author is believed to be one Fernando de Rojas, an obscure lawyer of Jewish parentage. The love story which ends in the tragic death of the lovers, reaches, in the intensity of its passion, the high-water mark of sentiment; but for us the *Celestina* has more than the heart interest. A great share

of its power lies in the other side of its dual personality: in the seething underworld, brutal, rollicking, sordid, through which moves the old bawd whose machinations bring about the tragedy, and who stands out still as one of the most vivid personalities in all fiction. The *Celestina* is an anomaly. Its dialogued form classifies it as a drama, while its length precludes the possibility of its being acted. It is the perfection of abundant and coloured prose, and had it occurred to the author to write it in the third person, he would have created the modern novel in a masterpiece which like the *Don Quixote*, transcends the distinctions of realism and idealism. As it is, both the drama and the novel claim his work.

It was inevitable that a book of such surpassing merit and originality should have imitators at a time when cheapened production had given rise to a swarm of eager authors. The descendants of *Celestina* resemble their mother more or less closely in form

and matter, though some stress the sentimental and others the realistic side. Of the latter type one of the best is the *Segunda Celestina*, written by the same Feliciano de Silva, "the reason of whose unreason" drew the ironical praise of Cervantes. Another work of this group, unique in some respects, is Francisco Delicado's *Lozana Andaluza*, published in Rome in 1528. This study of the adventures of a Spanish courtesan in the Imperial City, with its panorama of the vicious Roman underworld, is all the more startlingly direct for its dialogued form. As Menéndez y Pelayo puts it, "the *Lozana* is rather spoken than written." By ignoring the sentimental and seeking his inspiration in the purely pornographic aspects of the *Celestina*, which he frequently mentions by name, Delicado takes a step forward, or downward, in the path of realism, and illustrates, better than any contemporary perhaps, that curiosity of life which informs the later Renaissance.

At this point it becomes necessary to call attention to the satirical tendency which is present from the first in non-idealizing fiction, beginning with the first simple anecdote. With the emergence of personality and the development of marked societal types that characterize the Renaissance, the impulse to formal satire became more pronounced and surely had not a little to do with the Reformation. In the Lucianesque dialogue the Erasmian found a ready-made vehicle for his ideas of reform, and the Spanish leaders in this movement were not slow to avail themselves of it. Its most distinguished exponent was Juan de Valdés, whose *Dialogue of Mercury and Charon* appeared in the same year as the *Lozana*. Although the *Dialogue* is primarily a controversial work, its satirical presentation of a long line of contemporary types, chiefly clerical, gives it much of the interest of fiction, and its style — Valdés was a master of restrained and elegant diction

— helped to create the flexible prose of the Golden Age.

Such, in too summary outline, are the stages of the development of Spanish realism down to the *Lazarillo*, which, so far as now appears, must have been printed first not later than the latter part of 1553, though no edition of that year is known to exist. The earliest editions are of 1554. In that year Juan de Junta printed an edition at Burgos, another was published at Alcalá de Henares by Salzedo and a third was issued at Antwerp by Martin Nucio (Nutius, Nuyts), in his day the most prolific printer of Spanish books in the Lowlands. [These three editions differ so substantially from each other, that the distinguished French scholar to whom this volume is dedicated has been able to show that no one of them derives from any other. The edition of Burgos bears no date but the year. Inasmuch as the several extant copies of the Antwerp edition are all

bound with an anonymous continuation which has a title-page dated 1555, it is probable that this edition was really issued in that year or late in 1554. The edition of Alcalá states explicitly that it is a second printing, with corrections and additions, and its colophon gives the date of printing as February 26th.

By way of demonstrating that the Alcalá edition could not have come from that of Burgos, it has been reasonably urged that it would have been physically difficult if not impossible to prepare such a new edition in a period of time which could not exceed fifty-six days. If this is admitted, the logical next step is that the original of Alcalá, wherever printed, was probably issued in 1553. Furthermore the Alcalá volume could hardly call itself "this second printing" unless Salzedo himself had issued the earlier edition. Is it not logical to assume an Alcalá edition of 1553 or earlier?

What manner of work is it that begins life

with such promise of popularity? There is a rather conventional prologue in which the writer promises to relate the facts of his life at the request of some one whom he addresses as Your Worship. The narrative proper is divided into seven treatises or chapters of very uneven length. The first deals with the early life of Lazarillo and his peregrinations as guide of a blind beggar. In the next four he appears as the servant of a priest, an impoverished petty noble, a friar and a pardoner. In the sixth and seventh he serves a painter of tambourines, a chaplain and a constable, and finally becomes a town crier of Toledo, which is the most ignominious public office after that of executioner, and finally settles down as the complacent husband of a maidservant of the Archpriest of San Salvador parish. Most of the action passes in Toledo or in its immediate neighborhood. The satirical character of the work, which is least apparent in the section devoted to the blind beggar, becomes more

pronounced in the rest of the book, and the height of irony is reached in Lazaro's concluding words: "At that time I was in my prosperity and at the summit of all good fortune." The *Lazarillo* is complete as it stands, and only a careless reader could find in the last chapter, as some have done, a promise of a continuation.

Plot there is none. As *Lazarillo* passes from master to master, each pathetic or ignoble type is seen in the light of the hero's own whimsical and none too scrupulous personality. Nothing could be simpler, but the form is perfectly adequate to the aim. The style is admirably effective. It is colloquial though not without elegance, not too rich to be direct, and unusually free from the stylistic affectations of the day.

If much of the *Lazarillo's* greatness lies in the charm of its vivid style and its deep humanity, its greatest originality is doubtless found in the breaking loose from the shackles of the dialogue by the frank assumption of

the first person, and in the rediscovery of the peripatetic servant-hero as the perfect medium for social satire.

Who was the genius who at a single stroke achieved the formula of the rogue novel — a formula which with unimportant modifications has persisted to our own time? No early edition bears his name. He chose to screen his identity behind a misleading prologue and the sixteenth century has been discreetly silent regarding him. If the Inquisition knew his name as it did his work, its archives have not yet yielded up their secret. Recorded conjecture begins in 1605, when José de Sigüenza, the historian of the Jeronimites, states on hearsay that a certain Fray Juan de Ortega was the author, and that the original manuscript in Ortega's hand was found in his cell. Nothing of the little that is known of Ortega's life gives certain ground for discussing this attribution.

In 1607, again on hearsay, *Lazarillo* was ascribed to Diego Hurtado de Mendoza

(1493-1575), diplomat and littérateur, perhaps the most distinguished Spanish nobleman of his time. This attribution was ignored in 1610 by the editor of Mendoza's works and by his biographer in 1627. It has never been established, and though persistent on the title-pages of modern editions and even in histories of literature, it has been quite generally discarded since M. Morel-Fatio rejected it in a careful study published a quarter of a century ago.

The *Lazarillo's* latest editor, following the timid suggestion of an earlier critic, has attempted in considerable detail to prove that its author was Sebastian de Horozco of Toledo, with whose *Cancionero* it has several points of contact. He has not met with perfect success, inasmuch as the parallelism of subject-matter, spirit and language, may be explained without the assumption of common authorship for the two works.

A prominent authority on the Spanish picturesque literature has expressed the belief

that the *Lazarillo* is substantially an autobiography. This is a seductive theory, but untenable, it would seem, from the moment it is possible to show, as it is, that the work contains folklore material which is not essentially Spanish, and which is earlier than the earliest possible date of composition. Then too the style, despite clear traces of inexperience, is much more cultivated than appears at first sight and there is more balance and conscious artistry than one could possibly expect from a *pregonero* of Toledo. Very reasonable is Morel-Fatio's suggestion that the unknown author be sought among those advanced thinkers, who like Valdés, had a profound sense of the abuses within the church and state, and felt called to express themselves, though compelled by reasons of policy to maintain their anonymity. [He was certainly a mature man with a tolerant and kindly appreciation of the foibles of his fellows, but with a strong hatred for ecclesiastical parasitism. He is a keen and sympa-

thetic observer and the possessor of a highly individual prose style that reflects his clarity of vision, and which may yet be the means of identifying him.

The elusiveness of the author increases the difficulty of establishing the date of composition, for which evidence both internal and external is scanty. The earliest historical event mentioned is the battle of Los Gelves, in which Lazarillo's father met his death in 1510, and the only other allusion recognizable as historical is in the closing paragraph: "This was the same year that our victorious emperor entered the famous city of Toledo, and held the Cortes here, as Your Worship will have heard." The only Cortes held in Toledo between 1511 and 1554 were those of 1525 and 1538-1539. An acute Spanish scholar, Sr. Bonilla y San Martín, argues that the festivities in connection with the Cortes of 1538-1539 were more notable than those that attended the Cortes of 1525, and that consequently the *Lazarillo*

must have been written in 1539 at the earliest. One may admit the premises and not accept the conclusion, for obviously, in case the author were writing before 1538 he could not have alluded to the festivities of that date, however magnificent they may have been. Aside from this, there is abundant proof that 1525 was a gala year for Toledo. On April 27 the Emperor Charles the Fifth made his first entry into that city, and elaborate feasts were planned in his honour. His court fool, Francesillo de Zuñiga, in his humorous account of the first part of the reign, relates how His Majesty was received in Toledo with great pomp and enthusiasm. The greater part of the year was taken up by celebrations, and Charles not only held a general Cortes, but established there his permanent court (*corte*). The heyday of the Imperial City lies between this date and the removal of the court to Madrid by Philip II.

The expression "our victorious Emperor" used by Lazarillo to describe Charles, also

points to 1525. It would be easy to multiply examples to show that *invicto* and *invictísimo* were honorifics regularly applied to this monarch during and after his reign, but the form *victorioso* is more specific, and would seem to be suggested by the recent victory of Charles over Francis at Pavia. This interpretation receives curious confirmation in another expression used by Lazarillo. In the second chapter he says: "At that time it was certainly not the cares of the King of France that prevented my sleeping." Might these words not allude to Francis a prisoner at Madrid? On the whole it seems reasonable to accept 1525 as the anterior limit for the composition of the novel, and then 1538 becomes automatically the posterior limit.

There is a certain amount of evidence that the text circulated in manuscript before appearing in print. First, literature actuated by such evident anti-clerical animus circulated surreptitiously and anonymously at a time when the Inquisition was becoming in-

creasingly active. Next, the reported finding of a manuscript in Ortega's cell may well mean that the tolerant friar knew and liked the little book well enough to transcribe it in his own hand. Finally, there is the evidence of the chapter headings. A glance at these shows that the last two but imperfectly conform to the contents of the chapters. One example will suffice to make this clear. The heading to Treatise Seventh reads: "How Lazaro Took Service with a Constable, and of What Happened to Him While with Him." As a matter of fact his service with the constable occupies only one-twelfth of the chapter, the real subject of which is Lazarrillo's marriage and his establishment as town crier. It is inconceivable that the author should have supplied such a caption. It is hard to believe that it came from the editor; but to those familiar with manuscript literature it is easily recognizable as just the sort of rubric often supplied by unintelligent or indifferent scribes. The possession in

common of these rubrics by all three editions of 1554 points to a common manuscript source not the original, which had no rubrics. From the original the princeps is at least two steps removed.

Not only did the *Lazarillo* circulate in manuscript, but probably in two or more different redactions. From a sixteenth century manuscript collection of facetiæ called the *Liber facetiarum*, M. Foulché-Delbosc has printed a chapter entitled: "From a part of the *book* called *Lazaro de Tormes*, who among his peregrinations went to a monastery of nuns and saw what is here set forth." The extract is unpunctuated and full of errors and orthographical absurdities, all of which points to manuscript rather than printed transmission. It has the same anti-clerical intention as our *Lazarillo*, and ends with an allusion to another apocryphal adventure, in these curious words: "Seeing that in all the earth I could find no remedy or comfort or place of refuge among man-

kind, I came to the sea among the fishes." A redaction of *Lazarillo*, containing the convent episode and the story of Lazarillo among the fishes, would seem to have been known to the admirable satirist Cristóbal de Villalón. In the eighth Canto of his *Crotalón*, the hero, Gallo, is transformed into a nun, and on her death his spirit enters the body of a frog. This particular frog is elected Captain General to command in a battle against the mice, in which battle the frogs are assisted by five thousand veteran mullets "who were present in the battles which the tunny-fish had with the other fishes in the time of Lazaro de Tormes." This tradition which represents Lazarillo as living among the fishes is very persistent and forms one of the principal episodes of the *Segunda Parte* of 1555, and is used again by the expatriate Juan de Luna in the continuation which he published in Paris in 1620.

A traditional Lazarillo, not he of the printed book, is attested by two early refer-

ences. The *Lozana Andaluza* (1528) makes bare allusion to a Lazarillo "who mounted his grandmother," a feat commonly credited to another hero, and in a work by Timoneda published in 1559, there is mention of a Lazarillo de Tormes "who had three hundred and fifty masters."

Probably the most popular portion of the *Lazarillo* has been that which describes his life with the blind beggar. This is said to have given us the Spanish noun *lazarillo* used to designate a blind beggar's guide, or indeed guide in general, while the last episode of the chapter, the story of the revenge which Lazarillo takes on his master, is believed to account for the expression *oler el poste*, "to smell the post," meaning "to be forewarned of danger." It is well known that the figures of the blind man and his boy were popular in mediæval folk lore and literature. Not only are they attested in marginal illustrations to a manuscript of the fourteenth century, but they frequently appeared

in early French farces, though never, apparently, in any connection that offers a close parallel to our story. It does happen, however, that the smell-the-post story exists in a number of versions. There is a very clear allusion to it in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and there exist an English version of 1547-1553, a German form of 1548, a Latin one of 1586, and several others, all differing sufficiently from each other to suggest a rather remote connection. In only one is the boy named Lazarillo, and that is a Toledan versified farce, which cannot be dated at present more closely than the middle of the sixteenth century.

Another portion of the *Lazarillo* certainly not original with its author is the pardoner tale, which is found in very similar form in the *Novellino* of Massuccio di Salerno (1476). Three other episodes, the story of the stone bull, the story of the funeral, and the anecdote of the grapes, also exist in independent versions.

Is it possible, without drawing too much on fancy, to reconcile the traditional Lazarillo and the Lazarillo of the book? It can do no harm to suggest a working hypothesis. There was a Lazarillo, perhaps a blindman's boy, whose legend grew by accretions from the common fund of folk lore, much as did the legends of those other humorists, Eulenspiegel, Nasr' Eddin and Lincoln. It occurred to some one to collect this material. The original collector or another, more gifted, recognized the possibilities of the genre as a vehicle for the satire of contemporary life, and by a process of elimination and elaboration created a work of art. After circulating in manuscript for at least sixteen years (1538-1553), the work was printed without the knowledge of its author, possibly long after his death, but at precisely the right moment to make its impression.

It is safe to say that the undergraduate of Alcalá was more interested in life than in canon law, and we can easily realize the

freshness of appeal of the little volume that appeared one day in Salzedo's shop. Its appearance coincided almost exactly with the height of the agitation against the sellers of indulgences. These parasites were familiar figures in every Castilian hamlet, and so generally detested were they that the fifth chapter alone would have sold the first edition.

The *Lazarillo* was one of the few works of pure literature to be prohibited by the first formal Spanish *Index Expurgatorius*, that of 1559. For the preceding decade the Inquisition was busy collecting material for this Index, and exercising its well-established right to expurgate or confiscate offending works. It seems strange that the first *Lazarillo* should not have been suppressed at once, but that it was not is plain from the appearance of a second printing with two other pardoner stories as disreputable as the first. The two editions must have been very near together, and the second suppressed very soon, for despite the popularity of the story,

gone with others to protect the females at the spawning grounds, is caught in a net at the fisheries of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, near Cadiz. Taken before the Duke at Seville, he is first exhibited as a marvel, then (Chapter XVII) extracted from the tunny skin, and finally set on his way to Toledo dressed in a cast-off suit of the nobleman's. Arrived home he finds the house empty, and on attempting to gain entrance to the house of the Archpriest, he is driven away by his wife and the clergyman. He is arrested on suspicion and cast into jail. The priest, for whom he has sent, fails to recognize him. That night he is visited in a dream by Truth, who promises his liberation. Indeed, on the next day he is recognized and returns home to his wife and *two* children. In the final chapter Lazarillo makes a visit to Salamanca, "which," he says, "I had much desired to do, in order that I might try to worst some of those priests and long-cloaks." While there he routs the Rector of the University

in a public debate which is a version of the well-known tale of the "riddle-questions." He also wins a substantial sum at cards, with which he returns home. The book ends: "This is what happened since the expedition to Algiers. The rest Your Worship shall hear in due time."

Only a few pages of this extravaganza are in the style and manner of the first part, notably Chapters I and XVII. It begins by assuming, apparently, that the Cortes mentioned in the last chapter of the original were those of 1538-39, and ends in the air with a vague promise of more. What little satire there is, consists in an occasional formal comparison of the ways of men with the ways of the fishes. The anti-clerical spirit is almost entirely lacking. So great is the difference between the two works that the continuation was declared, as early as 1573, not to be by the author of the original, and since then it has been deemed almost unworthy of notice. It would appear at first sight to have been

written at the date of publication or thereabouts, for the purpose of profiting by the success of the first part. There are grounds, however, for thinking that this view would not be entirely correct. Surely the natural thing for an imitator to do is to imitate, to write as nearly as possible in the vein of his original, and there are many examples of this practice in Spanish literature. In this case the obvious thing would be to continue to pass Lazarillo through the hands of new masters, with abundant satire of these. Instead of this we have the major part of the new work devoted to the tunny story; and since we know Lazarillo among the fishes to be a part of the Lazarillo tradition, it is not difficult to believe that the continuer utilized an early Lazarillo manuscript.

There is more evidence to this effect. Chapter XV, in which Lazarillo describes his meeting with Truth, begins abruptly without apparent reference to the content of the preceding chapter. It commences: "When

I became separated from my people I found Truth. . . .” The continuer, noting the lack of connection, provides a chapter heading, as follows: “How Lazarillo going hunting in a wood, separated from his people, found Truth.” There is nothing in the text about going hunting in a wood. The end of this same chapter and the first part of Chapter XVI, when brought together, read thus: “She (Truth) told me marvellous things that she had experienced with all sorts of people, all of which, were I to write it to Your Worship, would be tedious and remote from what pertains to my travails; when Your Worship pleases, if you desire it, I shall send the account of what I did with her. Coming back to my King I told him what had passed between me and Truth. Going to the court, *consoled by these words*, I lived happily in the sea for several days.” The lack of sequence is apparent, and is best explained by confusion resulting from manuscript transmission. Again, when Truth appears to

Lazarillo in the jail (Chapter XVII), she says: "You promised in the sea that you would never put me away from you." Since in our text Lazarillo made no such promise, these words probably refer to a less condensed version of the Truth episode than that given in Chapter XV. Without the necessity of insisting further, these are abundant grounds for not dismissing the *Segunda Parte* with a wave of the hand.

In 1573 there appeared at Madrid, with the consent of the Inquisition, a volume containing in expurgated form three important works, all of which had been prohibited by the Index of 1559. One of these was the *Lazarillo*, concerning which the editor of the volume thus expresses himself: "Although this little treatise of the life of Lazarillo de Tormes is not of so great worth in so far as touches the language, as the works of Christoual de Castillejos and Bartolome de Torres Naharro, it is so lively and proper a presentation of what it portrays, with such zest and

charm, that for this reason it deserves to be esteemed; and so it was always very acceptable to all, for which reason, although it was prohibited in these realms, it was read, and commonly printed outside them. Wherefore with the permission of the Council of the Holy Inquisition, and of his Majesty, it has been emended in certain matters for which it had been forbidden, and the whole second part has been removed, which, inasmuch as it was not by the author of the first, was quite beside the point and graceless."

In this expurgated edition, known as the *Lazarillo Castigado*, the chapters of the Friar of La Merced and the Pardoner are not included. A few isolated anticlerical passages have been modified or omitted, some of which will be pointed out in the notes to this translation. On the whole the text is excellent. The editor did his work with care, and while he followed in general the edition of Antwerp, it would appear from certain readings that he also had before him the edi-

tion of Alcalá of 1554, or its original. The editions printed outside of Spain, to which he refers, are not now known, with the exception of one made in Antwerp in 1555 by Guillermo Simon, in imitation of that published by Nucio. It is significant of the respect shown to ecclesiastical censure of books, that all the *Lazarillos* printed in Spain down to the nineteenth century followed the text of the *Castigado*.

The next transformation of our text did not take place until 1620. In that year a certain Juan de Luna, an expatriate Castilian who made his living by teaching his native tongue to the Parisians, noticing how often the *Lazarillo* was being used as a manual for the study of Spanish, and considering its style an unfortunate model to follow, brought out a corrected text, "carding out" as he says, "an infinity of wretched words, more wretched constructions, and most wretched phrases." To Luna, himself a brilliant stylist of a later school, the *Lazarillo* must

have seemed barbarous indeed in its directness. On the whole we should thank him for leaving us, in his elegant version, a priceless record of the change in literary taste. We should be grateful too that he had the inspiration and the wit to continue the *Lazarillo* much in the spirit of the original work. His *Second Part of Lazarillo de Tormes, drawn from the ancient chronicles of Toledo*, published in the same volume with the corrected first part, is one of the joys of picaresque literature, an original and entertaining work. Luna alludes in his preface to the earlier *Second Part of Lazarillo*, "which touches somewhat of his life, without a trace of truth. The greater part of it is spent in telling how Lazaro fell into the sea, where he was changed into a fish, called tunny, and lived there many years, marrying a lady tunny, from whom he had three children, fishes like the mother. It relates too the wars which the tunnies waged with Lazaro as their leader, and other nonsense as silly as

false, and as ill-founded as absurd." It is to correct this absurd continuation that he writes another, just exactly as he had seen it written in certain portfolios in the archives of the fraternity of vagabonds at Toledo, and just as he had heard his grandmother and his aunts tell it by the fire on winter nights. He wishes to be considered the chronicler merely, not the author.

Without going so far as to accept at its face value this account of the source of Luna's work, one may ask whether it may not contain more than a grain of fact, since the chronicler begins with the Algiers expedition, the shipwreck and Lazarillo's rescue by fishermen, in short with a Lazarillo fish-story, just as if he had been unable entirely to ignore an episode which was for him an essential part of the Lazarillo tradition. From the rescue on, Luna's version is quite different. The fishermen dress Lazarillo to resemble a merman and exhibit him for profit in a tank. For a long time he is made to

subsist on the bread which is thrown him by spectators. One day he recognizes among these his wife, who is again pregnant, and overcome by grief at sight of her, he tries suicide by drowning. He so far succeeds that his proprietors have difficulty in resuscitating him, and are about to throw him in the Tagus, when he comes to and makes his escape from them. He later loses a lawsuit which he brings against his wife and the Arch-priest, becomes a carrier of burdens, joins a band of gypsies, becomes the servant of seven ladies at one time, and finally a false hermit. He falls in love with a young woman whom he meets while begging from door to door in his hermit's garb, and she encourages his attentions; but when he is about to possess her, the ladies of the bridal party make him the butt of a practical joke which culminates in their threat to send for Pierres the Gelder to come and make a singer of him. He thereupon succeeds in breaking away from his tormentors and takes sanctuary in a church,

where, covering his nakedness with a grave cloth, he muses upon the ups and downs of fortune.

Though the Spanish fortunes of Lazarillo come to an end with Luna, his foreign adventures, long since begun, were destined to continue indefinitely. The study of the interrelation of several of the translations is extremely complex, and would be out of place here, even if all the data were available. Yet some account of the more important versions is necessary. Of these the first was the French translation printed in Lyons by Saugrain in 1560, as "*Les faits merveilleux, ensemble la vie du gentil Lazare de Tormes,*" and made, according to the title-page, by J. G. de L. A. Very little is known about this work. It is not even certain whether it is the same as that printed the following year in Paris as *L'histoire plaisante et facétieuse*, in thirty-one chapters and ending with the first chapter of the continuation, the chapter about the Germans. The edition of Ant-

werp 1594 is the *Lazarillo Castigado* in twenty-eight chapters, including the "Germans," and it was reproduced in 1598. A new version, printed in Paris in 1601 together with the Spanish text, was often reprinted. Of the other French translations, it is sufficient to mention the verse paraphrase of 1653, the charming but not very close version of 1698, which is important for having been used as the original of an English and a German translation, the sincere rendering of Viardot (1846), Adrien Robert's absurd garbling (1865), and lastly, the scholarly and smooth translation of Morel-Fatio (1886).

The *Lazarillo* was translated into Dutch as early as 1579, but it did not get into German until 1617 when Nicolaus Ulenhart published his expurgated version, apparently from the French of 1594. The latest German version is that of Dr. Hubert Rausse (1908). The early Italian *Lazarillo* by Barezzi (? 1621) is really a paraphrase, and contains extraneous matter, including *La*

Gitanilla of Cervantes. There are recent Italian versions by Carlesi (1907) and Bacci (1915). The ultimate seal of approval which the Renaissance could put upon a work in the vernacular was to give it Latin form, and this Caspar Ens did for the *Lazarillo* when he inserted it into his Latin *Guzman* in place of less interesting matter.

The English *Lazarillos* have been purposely left for the last. The first of these is known to us only by a record in the Stationers Registers for 1568-1569, licensing to Thomas Colwell *The marvelous Dedes and the lyf of Lazaro de Tormes*. It should be noted that this title betrays a knowledge of the French *Lazarillo* of 1560. In 1573 Colwell's license was sold to Henry Binne-man, who in 1576 printed *The Pleasant History of Lazarillo de Tormes, a Spanyard . . . drawen out of the Spanish by David Rouland of Anglesey*. The title is seen to resemble closely that of the French of 1561. It is known that Rowland was acquainted

with Colwell, who printed another book for him in 1569, and we may assume, it seems to me, that Rowland made or at least planned, the earlier version, utilizing the French text of 1560, and that before the work was finally printed by Binneman, he had at least examined the edition of 1561. In his dedication to Sir Thomas Gresham he mentions the French translations, and I am convinced from certain of his renderings, that he used one. Rowland's work is very charming with its old-time English, and for the most part very faithful. It was reprinted in 1586 and 1596, and many times from 1624 on, accompanied by a translation of Luna's *Second Part*. From 1653 Rowland's version appears as *Lazarillo, or the excellent history of Lazarillo de Tormes*, with introductory matter signed by one James Blakeston, who claims that he is presenting a more accurate account and a more complete work. Despite this very positive statement, a comparison of the later editions with the Rowland of 1639, in

which Blakeston is not mentioned, shows no variants, except of orthography. From 1708 on, Rowland seems to have lost favour, and the editions from that year down to the translation by Roscoe (1832) are all descendants of the French of 1698. Roscoe evades real difficulties, but he has the merit of returning to the primitive text. In 1908 there appeared a rendering by Sir Clements Markham which has been too gently handled by the reviewers. While readable enough, it frequently betrays such a lack of comprehension of the Spanish as to cast grave doubts on the scholarship of the author. Mr. How's translation will be found to be even more faithful than Rowland, and far superior in other respects to any other version in English.

The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes and His Fortunes and Adversities

PROLOGUE

I THINK it well that things so remarkable, and mayhap never before heard of or seen, should come to the attention of many, and not be buried in the tomb of oblivion; since it is possible that some one who reads of them may find something to please him, and those who do not get so far as that it may divert; and in this connection Pliny says that there is no book, bad though it be, but has something good in it; more especially, as tastes are not all the same, but what one will not eat, another would give his ears for. And so we find things held in slight consideration by some and not by others. And therefore, nothing should be destroyed, or should

be thrown to waste, unless it be very detestable, but should be communicated to all, especially when it is without prejudice and some fruit may be gathered from it; for, if this were not so, very few would write for themselves alone, since it is not done without labor; and they wish, when they have been through it, to be rewarded, not with money, but by their works being seen and read, and if there be any cause, praised; and in this connection Tully says: Appreciation fosters the arts. Who supposes that the soldier who is first in the escalade despises life more than the others? Not a bit; but the desire for praise makes him run into danger, and in the arts and letters it is the same. The young friar preaches very well, and is a man who greatly desires the profit of souls; but let them ask His Worship if he is distressed when people say: "Oh, how marvellously Your Reverence has done!" Señor Don So-and-So jousted very badly, and gave his coat-armour to the jester, because he flattered him

on having broken many a good lance: what would he do if it were true? And so goes everything: wherefore, admitting that I am not more saintly than my neighbours, it will not distress me if whoever finds any diversion in this trifle that I write in this gross style, share in it and enjoy it, and see that there lives a man of so many fortunes, perils, and adversities. I entreat Your Worship to accept the poor hand-service of one who would make it richer, if his power and his desire conformed. And since Your Worship writes for me to write him and describe my case quite circumstantially; it seemed well not to take it up in the middle, but from the beginning, so that you may have a complete account of my person, and also that those who have inherited noble positions may reflect how little this is due to themselves, for fortune was partial to them, and how much more those have done to whom it was contrary, who rowing with vigour and skill have come home to a good port.

TREATISE FIRST

Lazaro Recounts His Life, and Whose Son He Was

THEN know Your Worship, before anything else that my name is Lazaro of Tormes, son of Thome Gonçales and Antona Perez, natives of Tejares, a hamlet near Salamanca. My birth took place in the river Tormes, for which reason I had the surname, and it was in this manner. My father (whom God forgive) had the job of overseeing the grinding of a water-mill, which is by the bank of that river, wherein he was miller more than fifteen years; and my mother being one night in the water-mill, big with me, her pains took her and she delivered me there; so that I can truthfully say I was born in the river. Well, when I was a child of

eight, they imputed to my father certain awkward bleedings in the sacks of those who came there to grind, for which he was taken, and he confessed, and denied not, and suffered persecution for justice' sake. I trust in God that he is in glory, for the Gospel calls them blessed. At this time there was an expedition made against the Moors, in the which went my father, who had been banished for the misfortune abovesaid, serving as muleteer to a knight; and with his lord, like a loyal servant, he ended his life.

My widow mother when she found herself without husband or support, determined to get among worthy people and be one of them, and betook herself to live in the city, and hired a little house, and undertook to do the cooking for some students, and washed clothes for certain stable-boys of the Comendador de la Magdalena, so that while she was frequenting the stables, she and a brown man among those that took care of the beasts, became acquainted. Sometimes this fellow

brought himself to our house and went away in the morning; other times he came to the door by day on the pretext of buying eggs, and entered the house. When he began to come I disliked him and was afraid of his colour and his ugly face; but when I saw that with his coming the food improved, I began to like him well, because he always brought bread, pieces of meat, and in winter faggots at which we warmed us. So the lodging and commerce continued until finally my mother gave me a very pretty little mulatto, whom I rocked and helped keep warm. And I remember that once while my negro stepfather was playing with the little fellow, when the child saw that my mother and I were white and he not, he fled with fear to my mother, and pointing his finger, said: "Mother, bugaboo!" Laughing he answered: "Little whoreson!" I, although quite a lad, noted that word of my small brother's, and said to myself: "How many there must be

in this world who flee from others because they do not see themselves."

Our fate brought the intimacy of Zayde, for that was his name, to the ears of the major-domo, and an examination being made, it was found that he was stealing about half the barley which they gave him for the beasts, as well as bran, firewood, curry-combs, aprons, and the rugs and horse-blankets, and when there was nothing else, he unshod the horses, and with all this he was assisting my mother to maintain my small brother. We need not wonder so much at a priest or at a friar, if the one robs the poor and the other his house, for the sake of his female devotees and for the aid of a companion, when love instigated a poor slave to this. And everything I've said was proved on him, and even more, for they questioned me with threats, and like a child I answered and in my fear disclosed all I knew, even to certain horseshoes which by my mother's command I had sold

to a smith. They flogged and larded my poor stepfather, and on my mother, in addition to the wonted hundred stripes, they laid the legal penalty that she should not enter the house of the aforesaid Comendador or receive the punished Zayde in hers.

In order not to throw the rope after the bucket, the unhappy woman did her best and fulfilled the sentence; and to avoid danger and escape evil tongues, she went into service with those who were then living at the inn of La Solana; and there suffering a thousand annoyances, she managed to bring up my small brother to the point where he knew how to walk, and me to where I was a good-sized little fellow, who fetched wine and candles for the guests, or whatever else they bade me.

At this time there came a blind man to lodge at the inn; and as it seemed to him that I would be suitable for leading him, he begged me of my mother, and she turned me over to him, telling him how I was the son of a good man, who had died to exalt the

faith in the affair of Los Gelves, and that she had trust in God I should not turn out a worse man than my father, and she begged him to treat me well and look after me, for I was an orphan. He answered that he would do so, and that he was receiving me not as his boy but as his son. And so I began to serve and to lead my new old master.

After we had remained in Salamanca several days and it appeared to my master that the profits were not to his satisfaction, he determined to leave there; and when we were about to depart I went to see my mother, and both weeping she gave me her blessing and said: "Son, now I know that I shall never see thee more; try to be good, and God guide thee; I have reared thee and placed thee with a good master, take care of thyself." And so I went along to my master who was waiting for me.

We went out of Salamanca, and as you approach the bridge there is a stone animal at the entrance, almost in the shape of a bull,

and the blind man bade me go close to the animal, and when I was there, said to me: "Lazaro, put thine ear close to this bull and shalt hear a great noise inside." Naïvely I went, believing this to be so; and when he perceived that I had my head close to the stone, he swung out his hand hard and gave my head a great blow against the devil of a bull, so that for three days the pain of the butting remained, and said to me: "Silly fool, learn that the blind man's boy has to know one point more than the devil," and laughed a great deal at the joke. It seemed to me that in that instant I awoke from the childish simplicity in which I had always been asleep. I said to myself: "This man says the truth, for it behooves me to open mine eyes and look about, since I am alone, and to consider how to take care of myself."

We began our journey, and in a very few days he taught me thieves' jargon, and when he saw me to be of a good wit, was well pleased, and used to say: "Gold or silver

I cannot give thee, but I will show thee many pointers about life." And it was so; for after God this man gave me my life, and although blind lighted and guided me in the career of living. I enjoy relating these puerilities to Your Worship in order to show how much virtue there is in men's knowing how to rise when they are low, and in their letting themselves lower when they are high, how much vice! To return to my good blind man and his affairs, Your Worship must know that since God created the world, he never formed any one more astute or sagacious. In his trade he was an eagle; he knew a hundred and odd prayers by heart: had a bass voice, tranquil and very sonorous, which made the church where he prayed resound, a humble and devout countenance which he put on with very good effect when he prayed, without making faces or grimaces with his mouth or eyes, as others wont to do. Besides, he had a thousand other modes and fashions for getting money: he said he knew

prayers to many and divers effects : for women that did not bear, for those that were in travail, for those badly married to make their husbands love them ; he cast prognostications for the pregnant whether they were carrying son or daughter. Then in regard to medicine, he used to say that Galen didn't know the half of what he knew about grinders, swoons, the vapours ; in a word, nobody could tell him that he was suffering any illness, but straightway he would reply : " Do this, you will do that, pluck such an herb, take such a root." Accordingly he had all the world marching after him, especially the women, for they believed whatever he told them ; from them he extracted large profits by the arts I tell you of, and used to gain more in a month than a hundred blind men in a year.

But also I wish Your Worship to know, that with all he acquired and possessed, never did I see so miserly or mean a man, to such a point that he was killing me with hunger, and didn't share even the necessaries with me. I

am telling the truth: if I had not known how to cure myself by my slyness and good devices, many times I should have died of hunger: but with all his experience and vigilance I worked against him in such fashion, that the biggest and best part, always or more generally, fell to me. To this end I played him devilish tricks, some of which I shall relate, though not all to my advantage.

He used to carry bread and everything else in a linen sack which closed at the mouth with an iron ring and a padlock and key, and when he put things in and took them out, it was with so much attention, so well counted, that the whole world wouldn't have been equal to making it a crumb less. But I would take what stingy bit he gave me, and finish it in less than two mouthfuls. After he had fastened the lock and stopped worrying about it, thinking me to be engaged in other things, by a little seam, which I unsewed and sewed up again many times in the side of the sack, I used to bleed the miserly sack, taking

out bread,— not measured quantities but good pieces,— and slices of bacon and sausage; and thus would seek a convenient time to make good the devilish state of want which the wicked blind man left me in.

All I could filch and steal I carried in half-farthings; and when they bade him pray and gave him a farthing, it was no sooner proffered than I had it popped into my mouth and a half-farthing ready, so that however soon he held out his hand, his remuneration was already reduced by my money-changing to half its real value. The wicked blind man used to complain to me, for he at once perceived by the feeling that it was not a whole farthing, and would say: “Why the devil is it that since thou art with me they don't give me but half-farthings, and before, they paid me a farthing and oftentimes a maravedi? This bad luck must come through thee.” He used also to shorten his prayers and not half finish them, having ordered me that when the person went away who had ordered him to

pray, I should pluck him by the end of his hood. And so I used to do; and at once he began again to lift his voice, saying: "Who would like to have me say a prayer?" as the custom is.

When we ate he used to put a little jug of wine near him. I would quickly seize it and give it a couple of silent kisses and return it to its place; but this plan didn't work long, for he noticed the deficiency in his draughts, and in order to keep his wine safe, he never after let go the jug, but kept hold of the handle. But there is no lode-stone that draws things to it so strongly as I with a long rye straw, which I had prepared for that purpose, and placing which in the mouth of the jug, I would suck up the wine to a fare-yewell. But the villain was so clever that I think he heard me; and from then on he changed procedure and set his jug between his legs and covered it with his hand, and thus drank secure. Now that I had grown accustomed to wine, I was dying for it; and see-

ing that the straw-cure was no longer helping me, I decided to make a tiny hole in the bottom of the jug for a little drain, and to bung it neatly with a very thin cake of wax, and at dinner-time, pretending to be cold, I got between the wretched blind man's legs to warm me at the miserable fire we had, in whose heat the wax being soon melted, for there was very little, the streamlet began to drain into my mouth, which I held in such a way that devil a drop was lost. When the poor creature went to drink, he found nothing: he was astounded, damned himself, and sent the jug and the wine to the devil, not knowing what it all could mean. "You won't say, uncle, that I drank it for you," said I, "for you haven't let it out of your hand." He turned and felt the jug so much, that he found the outlet and fell on to the trick; but made as though he had not perceived it. And the next day, when I had my jug leaking as before, and was not dreaming of the injury in store for me, or that the wicked blind man

heard me, I sat as before, in the act of receiving those sweet draughts, my face turned toward heaven, my eyes partly closed, the better to enjoy the delicious liquid, when the desperate blind man perceived that now was his time to take vengeance of me, and with all his might, raising that sweet and bitter jug with both hands, he let it fall upon my mouth, making use (as I say) of all his strength, so that poor Lazaro, who was expecting none of this, but, as at other times, was careless and joyful, verily it seemed to me that the heavens, with all that in them is, had fallen on top of me. Such was the gentle tap he gave me that it stupefied and knocked me senseless, and the blow so hard that the pieces of the jug stuck in my face, breaking it in many places, and cracked off my teeth which I remain without until this very day. From that hour forth I hated the wicked blind man; and although he liked and caressed me and cared for me, well I saw that the cruel chastisement had diverted him. He washed with wine the wounds he

had made me with the pieces of the jug, and smiling, said: "How seems it to thee, Lazaro? That which made thee sick cures thee and gives thee health," and other pleasantries which to my taste were none.

Once I was half well of my horrid bumps and bruises, considering that with a few such blows the cruel blind man would be rid of me, I was anxious to be rid of him; but I did not manage it too quickly, in order to do it with more safety and profit. Even though I should have been willing to soften my heart and forgive him the blow with the jug, the ill-treatment the wicked blind man gave me from this point on, left no chance for that; for he abused me without cause or reason, beating me over the head and pulling my hair. And if anybody asked him why he treated me so badly, he at once retailed the story of the jug, saying: "Would you take this boy of mine for an innocent? Then listen, whether the devil himself could teach another such exploit." Those that listened would say,

making the sign of the cross: "Well, now, who would expect such badness from a lad so small!" and would laugh heartily at the trick, and say to him: "Chastise him, chastise him, for you'll get your reward from God," and on that he never did anything else.

And meantime I always led him by the worst roads, and purposely, to do him harm and damage; if there were stones, through them, if mud, through the deepest; for although I didn't go through the dryest part, it pleased me to put out one of my own eyes in order to put out two for him, who had none. Therefore he used always to keep the upper end of his staff against the back of my head, which was continually full of bumps, and the hair pulled out by his hands; and although I swore I didn't do it of malice, but because I found no better road, that didn't help me, nor did he believe me any more for that; such was the perspicacity and the vast intelligence of the traitor.

And that Your Worship may see how far

the cleverness of this astute blind man extended, I will relate one instance of many that befel me with him, wherein it seems to me he made his great astuteness very manifest. When we left Salamanca his intention was to go to the region around Toledo, because he said the people were richer, although not very charitable; he pinned his faith to the proverb: The hard give more than the poor. And we came along that route through the best places: where he found good welcome and profit, we would stop, where not, on the third day, we would move away. It happened that on arriving at a place called Almorox at the time when the grapes are gathered, a vintager gave him a bunch for alms. And as the paniers generally get hard treatment, and the grapes at that time are very ripe, the bunch fell apart in his hand: if put into the sack, it would turn to must, and so he decided on this: he resolved to have a banquet, as much because we could not carry it, as to comfort me, for that day he had given me many kicks and blows. We

sat down on a wall and he said: "Now I wish to be generous with thee: we will both eat this bunch of grapes, and thou shalt have as big a share as I; we will divide in this way: thou shalt pick once and I once; provided thou promise me not to take more than one grape each time. I shall do the same until we finish, and in this way there will be no cheating." The agreement thus made, we began; but directly at the second turn the traitor changed his mind and began to take two at a time, supposing that I must be doing likewise. As I saw he was breaking the agreement, I was not content to keep even with him, but went still farther: I ate them two at a time, three at a time, and as I could. The bunch finished, he waited awhile with the stem in his hand and shaking his head said: "Lazaro, thou hast cheated: I will swear to God that thou hast eaten the grapes by threes." "I have not," said I; "but why do you suspect that?" The clever blind man replied: "Knowest how I see that thou wast

eating them by threes? Because I ate by twos and thou saidst nothing." [To which I answered not. And so as we were going along under some arcades, in Escalona, where at that time we were, in the shop of a shoemaker there were many ropes and other things that are made of broom, and a part of them struck my master on the head, and he raising his hand touched them, and seeing what they were said to me: "Make haste, boy, let's get out from among such bad victuals, which choke you without your eating them." I was walking along paying no attention, but I looked, and as I saw nothing but ropes and cinches, which are not things to eat, I said: "Uncle, why do you say that?" He answered: "Be quiet, nephew; anybody with bad habits like thine shall know, and thou shalt see that I speak the truth." And so we went ahead through the same arcade, and arrived at an inn, at whose door there were lots of horns on the wall, to which the

[muleteers tied their beasts; and as he went feeling along to see if this was the inn where he prayed every day for the landlady the prayer of the anchoress, he took hold of a horn, and with a great sigh he said: "O evil thing, worst shapen there is, how many wish to place thy name upon others' heads, and how few wish to have thee, or even hear thy name, in no manner." When I heard what he was saying, I said: "Uncle, what is this you are saying?" "Be quiet, nephew, for one day what I am now holding in my hand will give thee some bad dinners and suppers." "I shan't eat it," I said, "and it won't give me them." "I tell thee the truth, and thou shalt see, if thou live." And so we passed on to the door of the inn, where I would to God we had never arrived, because of what befel me there. Such landladies and eating-house women and nougat-sellers, and prostitutes, and such women-folk, were all he prayed for, for I almost never saw him say a

prayer for a man.] I laughed inwardly, and although only a lad noted well the blind man's just reasoning.

But not to be prolix, I omit an account of many things, as funny as they are worthy of note, which befel me with this my first master, but I wish to tell our leave-taking and with that to finish. We were at Escalona, town of the Duke of that ilk, in an inn, and he gave me a piece of sausage to roast. When he had basted the sausage and eaten the bastings, he took a maravedi from his purse and bade me fetch wine from the tavern. The devil put the occasion before my eyes, which, as the saying is, makes the thief; and it was this: there lay by the fire a small turnip, rather long and bad, and which must have been thrown there because it was not fit for the stew. And as nobody was there at the time but him and me alone, as I had an appetite whetted by having got the toothsome odour of the sausage inside me (the only part, as I knew, that I had to enjoy myself with), not

considering what might follow, all fear set aside in order to comply with desire,— while the blind man was taking the money out of his purse, I took the sausage, and quickly put the above-mentioned turnip on the spit, which my master grasped, when he had given me the money for the wine, and began to turn before the fire, trying to roast what through its demerit had escaped being boiled. I went for the wine, and on the way did not delay in despatching the sausage, and when I came back I found the sinner of a blind man holding the turnip ready between two slices of bread, for he had not yet recognized it, because he had not tried it with his hand. When he took the slices of bread and bit into them, thinking to get part of the sausage too, he found himself chilled by the chilly turnip; he grew angry and said: “What is this, Lazarillo?” “Poor Lazaro,” said I, “if you want to blame me for anything. Haven’t I just come back with the wine? Somebody was here, and must have done this

for a joke." "No, no," said he, "for I've not let the spit out of my hand. It's not possible." I again swore and forswore that I was innocent of the exchange, but little did it avail me, for nothing was hid from the sharpness of the confounded blind man. He got up and seized me by the head and came close up to smell me; and since he must have caught the scent like a good hound, the better to satisfy himself of the truth in the great agony he was suffering, he seized me with his hands, opened my mouth wider than it ought to go, and unconsideringly thrust in his nose,—which was long and sharp, and at that crisis a palm longer from rage,—with the point of which he reached my gorge; what with this and with the great fright I was in, and the short time the black sausage had had to get settled in my stomach, and most of all, with the tickling of his huge nose nearly half-choking me,—all these things conjointly were the cause that my misconduct and gluttony were made evident, and his own returned to

my master; for before the wicked blind man withdrew his bugle from my mouth, my stomach was so upset that it abandoned its stolen goods, and thus his nose and the wretched, half-masticated sausage went out of my mouth at the same time. O great God, that I had been buried at that hour! for dead I already was. Such was the depraved blind man's fury, that if they had not come to my assistance at the noise, I think he had not left me alive. They dragged me from out his hands, leaving them full of what few hairs I had, my face scratched and my neck and throat clawed; and well my throat deserved this, for such abuse befel me through its viciousness. The wicked blind man related my disgraceful actions to all that approached, and gave them the history once and again, both of the wine-jug and of the bunch of grapes, and now of the actual trouble. Everybody laughed so much that all the passers-by came in to see the fun; for the blind man related my doings with so much wit and

sprightliness that although I was thus abused and weeping, it seemed to me that I was doing him injustice not to laugh. And while this was going on, I remembered a piece of cowardly weakness I had been guilty of, and I cursed myself for it; and that was my leaving him with a nose, when I had such a good chance, half the distance being gone, for by only clinching my teeth it would have remained in my house, and because it belonged to that villain, perhaps my stomach would have retained it better than the sausage, and if it didn't reappear I could have refused all requests for it. Would to God I had done it, for nothing worse could have resulted. The landlady and the others there made us friends, and they bathed my face and throat with the wine I had fetched him to drink: whereupon the wicked blind man made jokes, saying: "It's a fact, this boy wastes me more wine in washings at the end of a year than I drink in two. At any rate, Lazaro, thou art more indebted to wine than

to thy father, for he begat thee once, but wine hath given thee thy life a thousand times." And straight he recounted how often he had scratched and torn my face, and with wine straight healed it. "I tell thee," he said, "if there is to be a man in the world lucky at wine, it is thou"; and those that were washing me laughed a great deal at this, though I raged. But the blind man's prognostic did not turn out false, and many times since I have recalled that man, who must doubtless have had the spirit of prophecy, and I am sorry for the displeasures I did him,—although I paid him well for them,—considering that what he that day told me has turned out so true, as Your Worship shall hear farther on.

In view of this and the evil tricks the blind man played me, I decided to leave him once and for all, and as I had everything thought out and in my mind, on his playing me this last game I determined on it more fully. And so it was that the next day we went out

about town to beg alms, and it had rained a great deal the night before; and as it was still raining that day he walked in prayer under some arcades which there were in that town, where we didn't get wet; but as night was coming on and the rain didn't stop, the blind man said to me: "Lazaro, this water is very persistent, and the more night shuts down, the heavier it is: let us get back to the inn in time." To go there we had to cross a gutter which was running full because of all the water; I said to him: "Uncle, the gutter runs very wide; but if you wish, I see where we can get over more quickly without wetting us, for there it becomes much narrower, and by jumping we can cross with dry feet." This seemed good advice to him, and he said: "Thou art clever, I like thee for that. Bring me to the place where the gutter contracts, for it is winter now and water is disagreeable, and going with wet feet still more so." Seeing the scheme unfolding as I desired, I led him out from the arcades

and brought him in front of a pillar or stone post which was in the square, and upon which and others like it projections of the houses rested, and said to him: "Uncle, this is the narrowest crossing there is in the gutter." As it was raining hard, and the poor creature was getting wet, and what with the haste we made to get out of the water that was falling on us, and most of all because God blinded his intelligence in that hour,— it was to give me revenge on him,— he trusted me, and said: "Place me quite straight, and do thou jump the gutter." I placed him quite straight in front of the pillar, and gave a jump, and put myself behind the post like one who awaits the charge of a bull, and said to him: "Hey, jump all you can, so as to get to this side of the water." Scarcely had I finished saying it, when the poor blind man charged like a goat and with all his might came on, taking a step back before he ran, for to make a bigger jump, and struck the post with his head, which sounded as loud

as if he had struck it with a big gourd, and fell straight down backwards half dead and with his head split open. "What, thou smeltest the sausage and not the post? Smell, smell!" said I, and left him in charge of many folk who had come to help him, and took the town-gate on foot in a trot, and before night had struck into Torrijos. I knew no more of what God did with him, nor cared to know.

TREATISE SECOND

*How Lazaro Took Service with a Priest,
and of the Things He Went through
while with Him*

THE next day, as it did not seem to me that I was safe there, I went on to a village called Maqueda, where my sins ran me against a priest, who when I approached him to beg alms, asked me if I knew how to serve mass. I told him yes, which was true, for although he abused me, the sinner of a blind man taught me a thousand good things, and one of them was this. In a word, the priest received me to be his. I escaped from the thunder and got into the lightning, for the blind man was, compared to this one, an Alexander the Great, though being avarice itself, as I have recounted. I say no

more, except that all the meanness of the world was enclosed in this one; I know not whether it was his own invention, or if he had annexed it with the clerical habit. He had a big old chest, locked with a key which he carried fastened to a strap of his cassock, and when the wheaten loaf came from the church, it was at once thrown in there by his hand, and the chest locked up again; and in the whole house there was not a thing to eat, as there generally is in others: some bacon hung in the chimney, some cheese set on a shelf in the cupboard, some little basket with some hunks of bread left over from the table. It seems to me that although I might not have enjoyed them, I could have consoled myself with the sight of them. There was only a string of onions, and those under lock and key, in a chamber at the top of the house; whereof I had as rations one every four days. And when I asked for the key to go for it, if any one was present, he would put his hand into his breast-pocket, and with great

deliberateness unfasten it and give it me, saying: "Take it, and bring it back directly, and don't do a thing but stuff," as if all the conserves of Valencia had been under it, whereas there was not another blessed thing in the said chamber, as I said, but the onions hung on a nail; which moreover he had so well-by-tale, that if through the misfortunes of my sins I had indulged myself in more than my dole, it would have cost me dear. In a word, I was dying of hunger. Well, although he had little charity toward me, toward himself he showed more. Five farthings' worth of meat was his ordinary for dinner and supper. True it is that he would divide some of the broth with me, but as for the meat it was all in my eye, and only a little bread, and would to God he had shared even! On Saturdays in this region they eat sheeps' heads, and he would send me for one that cost three maravedis; this he would boil, and eat the eyes and the tongue and the neck and brains and the meat

on the jaws, and give me the gnawed bones, give me them on his plate, saying: "Take. Eat. Triumph, since for thee is the world; thou hast a better life than the pope." "God give thee such another," I used to say apart to myself.

At the end of three weeks with him, I became so feeble that I was unable to stand on my legs for pure hunger. I clearly saw myself going to the grave, if God and my wits should not cure me: to make use of my dodges I had no chance, because I had nowhere to make him jump,—and even had I had, I could not make him blind,—as I did him whom God forgive if he died of that blow on the head, who, though sharp, yet through lacking that precious sense did not see through me; but this other one, there's nobody could have so keen a sight as he had.

When we were at the offertory, not a farthing fell into the shell that was not registered by him: he would have one eye on the people and the other on my hands; his eyes used to

dance in his skull as if they were of quicksilver; how many farthings they were offering he knew by number, and the offering over, he would at once take the little shell away from me and put it upon the altar. I was not able to snatch one farthing from it all the time I lived, or I'd better say died, with him. From the tavern never did I fetch him a farthing's worth of wine, but that little from the oblation which he kept in his chest, he ordered in such wise that it lasted him all the week, and to hide his great stinginess, he used to say to me: "Look, boy, priests should be very frugal in their eating and drinking, and therefore I don't indulge myself like others;" but the wretch lied falsely, because at confraternities and at funerals where we prayed, he would eat at somebody else's expense like a wolf and drink more than a quack-doctor.)

And now that I speak of funerals, God forgive me, for I was never an enemy to the human race but then, and that was because

we used to eat well and I got my fill; I used to wish and even to entreat God that each day he would kill his man. And when we gave the sacraments to the sick, especially extreme unction, when the priest calls on those present to pray, I certainly was not the last in prayer, but with all my heart and good-will besought the Lord, not that he would dispose of him however it might be most to his service, as it is said, but that he would take him from this world. And when any of them escaped, God forgive me for it, but I sent him a thousand times to the devil, and whoever died carried away as many of my benedictions. In all the time I was there, which would be about six months, only twenty persons expired, whom I well believe I killed, or to put it better, they died at my request; because the Lord seeing my violent and continuous death, took pleasure I think in killing them in order to give me my life. But for what I then suffered I found no remedy, for if on the day we buried

I used to live, the days there was no one dead I returned to my quotidian hunger, and felt it all the more from having been well accustomed to fulness. So that in nothing did I find respite, save in death, which sometimes I desired for myself too as well as for others, but saw it not, although it was always in me.

I thought many times of going away from that mean master, but for two reasons gave it up. One was that I didn't trust my legs for fear of the weakness coming from sheer hunger; and the other was, as I used to say on consideration: "I have had two masters: the first brought me to death with hunger, and on leaving him I ran upon this other who has me already in the grave with it; if then I leave him and hit upon another worse yet, what will it be but to finish?" Thus I durst not move, for I held it as an article of faith that I must find every step more desolate, and on descending one degree lower Lazaro would make no sound, or be heard in the world. Being then in such affliction, from

which may it please the Lord to deliver every faithful Christian, and ignorant how to give myself counsel, while I went from bad to worse, one day when my miserable, vile, and wretched master had gone outside the village, by chance there won to my door a tinker, who I believe was an angel sent to me in that guise by the hand of God; he asked me if I had anything to mend. "In me you could find plenty to do, and you would not do little if you patched me up," I said apart, so that he didn't hear me; but as this was no time to waste in witticisms, inspired by the Holy Ghost I said to him: "Uncle, I have lost the key to this big chest, and I fear my master will whip me. For your life see if there be any among those you carry that will do, for I will pay you for it." The angelic tinker began to try one and another of a big bunch he carried, and I to help him with my feeble prayers. When I am not expecting it, I see, in the form of loaves of bread, the face of God, as they say, inside the big chest; and

when it was open, I said to him: "I have no money to give you for the key, but take your payment from here." He took one of the wheaten loaves, the one that looked best to him, and giving me my key went away very well content, leaving me more so. But at that time I touched nothing, lest the deficiency be noticed, and moreover, because, now that I saw myself lord of so much goods, it seemed to me that hunger durst not approach me. Back came that miserable master of mine, and God willed that he should not note the oblation the angel had levied.

And the next day, on his going away from the house, I opened my bread paradise, and took a wheaten loaf between my hands and my teeth, and in two credos made it invisible, not failing to close the chest; and I began to sweep the house with great gaiety, for it seemed to me with that remedy I remedied my unhappy life from then on. And so I was joyful over it that day and the next; but it was not my good luck that this relief should

last me long; for on the third day the genuine tertian fever promptly took me, in this manner,—in an evil hour I saw him who was killing me with hunger, over our big chest, turning the loaves over and over, counting them and counting them again. I dissembled and in my secret prayers and devotions and supplications, I was saying: “Saint John, come and blind him.” After he had been a long while casting the account, counting by days and fingers, he said: “If I didn’t keep this chest so well shut up, I should say that loaves had been taken out of it. But from today on, merely to close the door against suspicion, I will keep a strict account of them. Nine remain and one piece.” “God send thee nine new pieces of trouble,” said I to myself.

Meseemed by what he said he pierced my heart with a hunter’s arrow; and my stomach began to ache with hunger, seeing itself put on its former diet. He went out of the house; I, to console me, opened the box, and

when I saw the bread, began to adore it, not daring to take any. I counted, in case by good luck the wretch had made a mistake, and found his reckoning truer than I should have wished. The most I could do was to give them a thousand kisses; and from the broken loaf as delicately as I could I took a little where it was broken; and with that I passed that day, not so joyful as the day before. But as my hunger grew,—and all the more since I had been getting my stomach fixed for more bread those two or three days already mentioned,—I was dying a bad death: to such an extent, that whenever I was alone, I would do nothing else but open and close the chest and contemplate the face of God, for so children call it: but God himself who helps the afflicted, seeing me in such a strait, brought to my memory a little remedy; for on consideration I said: “This press is old and big and broken in some places, although the holes are small. One might think that mice go in and damage this

bread. To take a whole loaf is not discreet, because he will see that it is wanting, he who makes me live in such want. This it will easily stand," and I began to crumble the bread upon some not very valuable tablecloths that were there, taking one loaf and leaving another, in such a way that from each of three or four I crumbled a little; afterwards, like one that eats comfits, I ate it, and somewhat consoled myself. But he, when he came to dinner and opened the chest, saw the bad work, and without doubt believed it was mice that had done the damage, because it was very closely counterfeited in the way they wont to do. He examined the whole chest from one end to the other, and found various holes by which he suspected they had entered. He called me, saying: "Lazaro, look! Look what affliction befel our bread last night." I played very much astonished, asking him what it could be. "What should it be!" said he; "Mice, which do not spare anything." We sat down to dinner, and

God willed that even in this things should go well for me, for more bread fell to my share than the wretched bit he usually gave me, for he cut off with a knife all he thought was mouse-eaten, saying: "Eat this, for the mouse is a clean creature." And so that day, with the addition of the ration earned by the work of my hands,—or my nails, to put it better,—we finished dining, although I never really began. And directly I had another shock, and that was to see him going around anxiously pulling out nails from the walls and looking for slats, with which he nailed up and closed all the holes in the old chest. "O Lord," said I then, "in what misery and misfortune and disasters are we placed by being born, and how short a while last the pleasures of this our toilsome life! Here am I who thought by this poor and trifling method to remedy and change my misery, and was already somewhat joyous about my good-luck: but not thus willed my ill-fate who stirred up this

wretched master of mine, and gave him even more energy than he naturally had (for the miserly for the most part never lack that), so that now, by closing the holes in the chest, he has closed the door of my consolation and opened that of my grief." Thus I lamented, while my diligent carpenter ended his work with many nails and slats, saying: "Now, sir traitor mice, it behoves you to change procedure, for in this house you will find little profit."

As soon as he left the house, I go to examine the work, and found that he had not left a hole in the unhappy old chest, through which even a gnat could enter. I open it with my unprofitable key, without hope of deriving any profit, and saw the two or three loaves begun on, those my master believed were mouse-eaten, and from them I did after all get some poor solace, touching them very lightly, after the manner of a dextrous fencer. Since necessity is so good a teacher, and I was always in so much neces-

sity, I kept thinking night and day what way I could find to sustain my life; and I believe that hunger was a light to me in finding these darksome contrivances, for they say the wits are animated by it, and contrariwise with satiety, and so it certainly was with me. Well, one night while I was awake with my thoughts, thinking how I might make some profit out of the big chest, I was aware that my master slept, because he showed it by snoring and by some great snorts he used to give when he was sleeping. I got up very quietly, and having thought out during the day what I had to do and left an old knife, which was knocking around there, in a place where I could find it, I go over to the unhappy chest, and where I had noted it made the least defence, I attacked it with the knife, which I used like a gimlet: and as I found the ancient chest, which was so very many years old, devoid of strength and heart, but on the contrary very soft and worm-eaten, it soon yielded to me, and permitted a good

hole in its side for my advantage. This being made, I open the wounded chest very gently, and guided by my touch, did with the bread I found broken as is written above: and some whit consoled by that, I shut it again and returned to my straw, where I reposed and slept a little. I used to sleep badly, and attributed it to not eating; and that must have been so, because at that time certainly the cares of the King of France cannot have prevented my sleeping. The next day the damage was seen by my lord and master, both that done to the bread and also the hole I had made; and he began sending the mice to the devil, and saying: "What are we to say to this? Never to have noticed mice in this house till now!" And doubtless he told the truth, for if there was a house in the kingdom justly privileged against them, it must in reason have been that one, because they are not wont to dwell where there is nothing to eat. He began again to look for nails about the house and

in the walls, and for slats to stop up the holes with. When night was come and his repose, I was soon on foot with my tools, and what he stopped up by day I unstopped by night. And in such wise did it go and such haste did we make, that no doubt because of this the saying arose: When one door is closed, another is opened. In a word, we seemed to have Penelope's web for a job, for whatever he wove by day I unravelled by night, and in a few days and nights we got the poor larder into such a shape that one who wished to speak correctly would have called it rather an old cuirass of ancient times than a chest, from the nail-work and tacks upon it.

When he saw that his patching was of no profit to him, he said: "This press is so abused now, and the wood is so old and weak, that there is no mouse it could be protected against; and it is already in such a state that if we continue, it will leave us without defence; and yet the worst is, that although it does little good, still if it be missing it will

be missed, and will put me to an expense of three or four bits. The best remedy I can find, since the present one is no use, will be to make ready on the inside for these accursed mice." Presently he borrowed a mouse-trap; and with rinds of cheese that he begged of the neighbours, the cat was continually on the watch inside the chest,— a particular help to me, for even though I didn't need many sauces to my food, still I enjoyed myself with the rinds of cheese which I used to take out of the mouse-trap, and besides didn't fail to gnaw the bread. When he found the bread gnawed and the cheese eaten, and the mouse that ate it not caught, he sent himself to the devil, and asked the neighbours what it could be that ate the cheese and removed it from the mouse-trap, and still the mouse not be caught or remain inside, and yet the door of the trap be fallen? The neighbours agreed that it was not a mouse that was doing this mischief, because it would certainly have been caught some time. One neighbour told him:

“I remember that a snake used to wander about in your house, and no doubt it must be that. And this is reasonable, for as it is so long, it is able to take the bait, and even if the door catches on it, since it doesn't go all in, it can get out again.” Everybody agreed with him, and this greatly upset my master; and from then on he slept less soundly, for any worm in the wood that made a noise at night, he thought was the snake nibbling his chest. At once he would be on his feet, and with a cudgel he kept by his bed since they told him that, he would give the wretched chest great cudgellings, thinking to frighten the snake. He used to waken the neighbours with the fracas he made, and didn't let me sleep. He would come to my straw and turn it over and me with it, thinking the snake would make for me and wrap itself in my straw or in my clothes, because they told him it happens at night that these animals, seeking warmth, crawl into the cradles where babies are, and even bite them and do them

harm. Generally I pretended to sleep, and in the morning he would say to me: "Last night, boy, didst not feel anything? For I went after the snake, and indeed I think it must make for thee in thy bed, for they are very cold and seek warmth." "God forbid that it bite me," I would say, "for I am mighty scared of it." In this way he kept so excited and aroused from sleep, that faith! the snake or the boy-snake, to put it better, durst not gnaw by night or arouse himself to go to the chest; but by day, while he was at church or about the town, I would do my pil-lage. In view of which damage and the slight remedy he could contrive for it, he went about at night, as I said, like a ghost.

I feared that with all this assiduity he would discover me with the key which I kept under the straw, and it seemed safest to me to put it into my mouth at night; because ever since I had lived with the blind man I had made such a purse of it, that sometimes I held twelve or fifteen maravedis in it, all in

half-farthings, without its interfering with my eating, for otherwise I was not master of a farthing that the confounded blind man didn't light upon, not leaving seam or patch of mine without a very minute search. So then as I say, I used to put the key into my mouth every night and sleep without dread that my warlock of a master would light upon it. But when trouble is to come, care is vain. My destiny would have it, or to put it better, my sins, that one night when I was asleep, the key got placed in my mouth, which I must have held open, in such a manner and position, that the air and breath which I gave out while sleeping, went through the shank of the key, which was a tube, and whistled, as my ill-luck would have it, very loud; so that my master heard it, and believed it of course to be the whistling of the snake, and it certainly must have seemed so. He arose very softly with his cudgel in his hand, and groping toward the sound of the snake, approached me with great quietness, so as not to be per-

ceived by the snake; and when he found that he was near me, he thought that it had come there into the straw where I was stretched out, to my warmth. Lifting the stick high, thinking he had the snake underneath and would give it such a cudgelling as should kill it, with all his might he discharged so great a whack upon my head that he left me senseless and very badly wounded. When he realized that he had struck me,— for I probably made a great outcry at the fierce whack,— he used to relate that he had come to me, and shouted to me calling my name, and tried to bring me to; but when he touched me with his hands, he felt the great quantity of blood I was shedding, and realized the damage he had done me, and went in much haste to get a light; and coming back with it, found me moaning, still with the key in my mouth,— for I had never let go of it,— half outside, just in the same way it must have been when I was whistling through it. The snake-slayer wondering what that key could be, took it en-

tirely out of my mouth and examined it, and saw what it was, because in its wards it was just like his. He went at once to prove it, and thus proved my evil practices. The cruel hunter probably said: "I have found the mouse and snake that made war on me and ate my property." Of what happened in the three succeeding days I shall give no certification, because I passed them in the whale's belly; but as for what I have related, I heard my master tell it after I returned to myself, for he related it fully to whomsoever came there.

At the end of three days I returned to my senses and found myself stretched on my straw, my head all plastered and covered with oils and unguents; and astonished, I said: "What is this?" The cruel priest answered: "Faith, it means that I have been hunting the mice and snakes that were ruining me." And I examined myself and found myself so maltreated that I at once suspected my trouble. At this juncture entered an old

woman who was a healer, and the neighbours, and they began to take bandages off my head and to dress the wound; and when they found me come back to my senses, they rejoiced greatly and said: "Since he has returned to his right mind, it may please God that it shall be nothing." Then once more they set to relating my mishaps again and to laughing at them, and I poor sinner to weeping at them. Meanwhile they gave me food, for I was worn out with hunger, and scarcely could they help me: and so, little by little, in a fortnight I got myself up and was free from danger, though not from hunger, and half well.

The very next day after I was got up, my lord and master took me by the hand and shoved me outside the door, and when I was in the street, said to me: "Lazaro, from today on thou art thine own boy and not mine; seek a master, and God go with thee, for I do not wish so diligent a servant in my employ. Thou certainly must have been the

boy of a blind man." And making the sign of the cross, as if I had been possessed of a devil, he went back again into his house and shut the door.

TREATISE THIRD

*Of How Lazaro Took Service with an
Esquire, and of What Happened to
Him with Him*

THUS was I obliged to extract strength from weakness; and little by little, with assistance from good people, got myself to this famous city of Toledo, where by God's mercy, my wound closed a fortnight later. And while I was ill, people would always give me alms; but after I was well they would all say to me: "Thou! a rogue and vagabond art thou. Go, seek a master to work for." "And where shall he be found," I would say to myself, "unless God create him fresh, as he created the world?"

I was wandering thus aimlessly from door to door, with mighty little alleviation,— be-

cause Charity had already mounted to heaven,— when God threw me in with an esquire who was walking along the street, with pretty good clothes, well-kempt, his gait and bearing orderly. He looked at me and I at him, and he said to me. “Boy, seekest a master?” I told him: “Yes, sir.” “Then come along behind me,” he answered, “for God has shown thee a mercy in throwing thee in with me. Thou hast said some good prayer today.” And I followed him, thanking God for what I heard, and also because he seemed to me, from his dress and air, to be the person I was in need of.

It was in the morning when I fell in with this my third master; and he led me behind him through a large part of the city. We passed by the squares where bread and other provisions were selling: I was thinking and wishing that he would want to load me there with what was selling, because this was just the time when it is usual to lay in what is necessary: but he passed by these things at a

very lively gait. "Perhaps he sees nothing to his taste here," said I, "and wishes to try in another quarter." In this way we rambled about until it struck eleven: then he entered the principal church, and I behind him; and I saw him very devoutly hear mass and the other divine offices, until everything was ended and the people gone: then we left the church. At a good round pace we began to go down a street; I walked along the happiest in the world because we had not occupied ourselves in laying in provisions: I considered it certain that my new master must be a man who provided in bulk, and that dinner would be ready, and such as I desired and even was in need of.

At this time the clock struck one after noon, and we reached a house in front of which my master halted, and I with him, and throwing back the end of his cape on the left, he drew out a key from his sleeve, and opened the door, and we entered the house; whose entrance was so dark and dismal that

it seemed to cause dread to those that entered, although inside there was a small court and fairly good rooms. After we had entered, he took off his cape, and having asked whether I had clean hands, we shook and folded it, and when he had very neatly blown the dust off a stone bench that was there, he placed it upon it. This done he sat down beside it, and asked me in great detail whence I was and how I had come to that city. I gave him a longer account than I liked, because it seemed to me a more fitting time for bidding the table be set and the stew dished, than for his questions: nevertheless, I satisfied him about me the best I knew how to lie, telling him my good points and keeping silent about the rest, which did not seem to me to be appropriate. This done, he remained as he was for a while, and I immediately saw a bad sign, for it was now nearly two and I didn't see him show any more keenness for his dinner than a dead man. Thereupon I considered his keeping the door

locked, and my not hearing, above or below, the footsteps of a living soul in the house: all I had seen was walls without a chair between them, or a meat-block, or bench, or table, or even a big chest like that of other days. In a word, it seemed like an enchanted house. With this, he said to me: "Thou, boy, hast eaten?" "No, sir," said I, "for it hadn't yet struck eight when I met Your Worship." "Well, although it was early, I had breakfasted; and when I eat something that way, I tell thee I go on the same way until night. Therefore, manage as thou canst, for afterwards we will sup."—Your Worship may believe, that when I heard this, I was within a little of falling in my tracks, not so much from hunger as from knowing now absolutely that fortune was against me. Then my troubles presented themselves anew to me, and I began again to weep over my misfortunes; then there came into my memory the reasoning I followed when I was thinking of quitting the priest,

telling myself that although he was miserable and mean, perhaps I should fall in with another worse. In a word, I then wept over my unhappy life past and my death near to come. And with it all, dissembling the best I could, I told him: "Sir, I am a lad who don't bother myself much about eating, blessed be God! Therefore I can boast myself the most abstemious among all my contemporaries; and thus I have been praised for it until today by the masters I have had." "That is a virtue," said he, "and on that account I shall like thee better: because stuffing is for pigs, and eating moderately is for gentlemen." "I understand thee well," said I to myself; "confound such medicine and virtue as these masters I get find in hunger!"

I put myself at one end of the arcade, and took out some pieces of bread from my bosom, which remained of those I had got in God's name. He, on seeing this, said to me: "Come here, boy, what eatest?" I approached and showed him the bread. He

took one piece, the best and biggest of the three there were, and said: "By my life, but this looks like good bread." "Why, indeed," said I, "it is good, sir." "Yes, in faith," said he; "where didst thou get it? Was it kneaded by clean hands?" "I don't know that," I told him, "but for my part the taste of it doesn't nauseate me." "May it so please God," said my poor master; and lifting it to his mouth, began to take as fierce bites as I of the other piece. "Most delicious bread it is," said he, "by Jove." And when I perceived on what foot he limped, I made haste, for I saw he was disposed, if he finished first, to be civil enough to help with what remained; and thus we finished almost together. With his hands he began to brush off some crumbs, and very small ones, which had remained on his breast; and went into a little room there, and brought out a mouthless jug, not very new, and after he had drunk offered it to me. I, to play the abstemious, said: "Sir, I don't drink wine." "It is

water," he answered; "thou mayst drink all right." So I took the jug and drank; not much, for thirst was not my affliction.

So there we were until night, talking about things he asked me, to which I answered the best I knew how: during this time he took me into the room where the jug we drank from was, and said: "Boy, get over there, and thou shalt see how we make this bed, that thou may know how to do it from now on." I got on one side and he on the other, and we made the wretched bed. There was not much to make, for it had a reed framework upon some benches, on which were spread the bed-clothes over a dirty mattress, which, from not being very constantly washed, did not appear a mattress, although it served for one, with a great deal less wool than was necessary. We spread it out, trying to soften it, which was impossible, because what is hard can ill be made soft. The miserable saddle-pad had devil a thing inside, and when it was placed on the reed frame-work all the reeds

showed, and looked exactly like the spine of a most skinny pig; and over that starved mattress a cover of the same stamp, whose colour I could not decide. The bed made and night come, he said to me: "Lazaro, it's already late, and from here to the square is a big stretch: besides, many robbers wander about in this city at night and snatch people's capes. Let us get through as we can, and tomorrow, when day is come, God will be merciful. Being alone, I am not provided, but have been eating outside these days. But now we shall have to do otherwise." "Sir, about me," said I, "let Your Worship not worry, for I well know how to pass one night, and even more, if necessary, without eating." "Thou wilt live longer and more healthily," he answered, "because, as we were saying today, there's no such thing in the world for living long, as eating little." "If that is the road," said I to myself, "I shall never die, for I have always observed that rule perforce, and even expect, with my bad luck, to keep it all

my life." And he went to bed, putting his hose and his pourpoint for a pillow, and bade me stretch at his feet, which I did. But devil a wink I slept, for the reeds and my protruding bones didn't leave off quarrelling and fighting the whole night, for with my hardships, woes, and hunger, I think I hadn't a pound of flesh on my body; and besides, as I had eaten almost nothing that day, I was raging with hunger, which has no friendship with sleep. A thousand times I cursed myself (God forgive me for it) and my wretched luck, most of the night from then on; and worse yet, not daring to turn over lest I awaken him, I many times begged death of God.

When morning came we got up, and he began to clean and shake his hose and pourpoint, coat and cape, and with me serving as an idle assistant, dressed himself slowly to his great pleasure. I poured water on his hands, he combed his hair, and put his sword into his baldric, and while he was putting it in,

said to me: "Oh, if thou knewest, boy, what a piece this is! There is not a mark of gold in the world I would give it for; the more so, because of all those that Antonio made, he didn't manage to get the edges of any so keen as this one;" and he drew it from the scabbard and tried it with his fingers, saying: "Dost see it? I engage to sever a puff of wool with it." And I said to myself: "And I with my teeth, although they are not steel, a four-pound loaf." He put it in again, and girded it and a string of fat beads in his baldric. And with an easy step and body erect, making very genteel movements with it and his head, throwing the end of his cape over his shoulder and at times under his arm, and placing his right hand on his hip, he issued out the door, saying: "Lazaro, see for the house while I go hear mass; and make the bed, and go for a pitcher of water to the river, which is here below; and lock the door so that they won't steal anything from us, and put the key here over the

door, so that if I come back in the meanwhile I can get in." And he went down the street with so genteel visage and carriage, that any one who didn't know him would have thought he was a very near kinsman to the Count of Arcos, or at least the chamberlain who handed him his clothes. "Blessed be thou, Lord," I remained behind saying, "who causest the sickness and appliest the cure! Who that might meet this master of mine but would think, judging by his air of self-content, that he had supped well last night and slept in a good bed, and though now it is early morning, would not suppose he had breakfasted well? Great secrets, Lord, are those that thou makest and people are ignorant of! Who will not be deceived by that fair appearance and decent cape and coat? And who will imagine that genteel man passed the whole of yesterday on a morsel of bread, which his servant Lazaro had carried a day and a night in the cupboard of his bosom, where much cleanness cannot have

clung to it, and that today, when he washed his hands and face, he used the skirt of his coat for lack of a towel? Surely nobody would suspect it. O Lord, how many such thou must have, scattered through the world, who suffer for the jade they call honour that which they would not suffer for thee!"

Thus was I at the door, watching, and considering these things, until my gentleman master had passed down the long narrow street. I turned back into the house, and in a credo I went all over it, high and low, without making a halt or finding a reason to. I made the wretched hard bed, and took the pitcher, and betook me to the river, where I saw my master in great confab with two veiled women, apparently some of those of whom there is no lack in that place,— but indeed many have the habit of going out in the early summer mornings to get the cool air, and to breakfast on those fresh river-banks, without taking along wherewithal, confident that there cannot fail somebody to give it

them, for those gentlemen of the place have got them into this custom. And as I say, he was among them, changed into a Macias, telling them more sweet things than ever Ovid wrote. But when they perceived that he was well softened, they made no shame to beg him for breakfast, with the customary payment. He feeling as cold of purse as he was hot of stomach, fell into such an ague that it robbed his face of color, and he began to be troubled in his speech and to make excuses that were not valid. They, who must have been well schooled, as soon as they perceived his infirmity, left him for what he was.

I, who was eating certain cabbage-stalks wherewith I broke my fast, with a new boy's great diligence returned to the house, without being seen of my master; I thought of sweeping some part of it, for it was right necessary, but I didn't find wherewithal: I set to thinking what I should do, and it seemed well to me to await my master until the day should be half over, if perhaps he

should come and bring something to eat; but my experiment was in vain. After I saw that it was two, and he came not, and hunger was distressing me, I closed the door and put the key where he bade me, and returned to my trade: with low and feeble voice, and my hands crossed on my breast, God set before my eyes, his name on my tongue, I began to beg bread at the doors and houses that seemed the greatest to me; but as I had sucked this mystery in my milk,— I mean to say I learned it with the grand master the blind man,— I came out so expert a disciple, that although there was no charity in this town, nor had it been a very abundant year, I was so crafty that before the clock struck four, I already had that many pounds of bread in my body, and over two more stowed away in my sleeves and my bosom. I returned to our lodging, and in passing by the tripery, begged from one of those women there, who gave me a piece of cow's-heel and some little bits of boiled tripe.

When I reached the house, my good master was already in, his cape folded and laid on the stone bench, and he taking a walk about the court. As I entered, he came toward me; I thought he wanted to reprove my tardiness, but God made it better. He asked me whence I came; I told him: "Sir, I stayed here until it struck two, and when I saw that Your Worship was not coming, I went out about the city to commend myself to the worthy people, and they have given me what you see." I showed him the bread and the tripe which I carried in one end of my skirt, at which he put on a good face, and said: "Well, I awaited thee for dinner, and when I saw that thou didst not come, I dined. But thou doest like a man of honor in this, for it is better to beg in God's name than to steal. And may God bless me as much as this seems right to me, and I only charge thee that they do not know thou livest with me, because it touches on my honour; although I well believe that it will remain secret, seeing how lit-

tle I am known in this town; I ought never to have come to it!" "Have no care about that, sir," I told him, "for nobody cares a hang about asking me this question, or I about answering." "Now, eat them, sinner, for if it please God, we shall soon see ourselves out of necessity; though I tell thee, since I entered this house nothing has gone well with me: it must be an evil location, for there are unlucky and ill-placed houses, which communicate bad luck to those that live in them; this must doubtless be one of them, but I promise thee, and that when the month is once ended, I don't remain in it, even if they gave it to me for my own."

I sat down on the end of the bench, and that he might not take me for a glutton, I said nothing about my lunch, and began my supper, biting into my bread and tripe, and kept looking askance at my unfortunate master, who did not take his eyes from my lap, which at that time was serving for a plate. May God have as much pity for me as I had

for him, for I felt what he was feeling, and had passed through it many times, and was passing through it every day. I was thinking whether it would be well to be so polite as to invite him; but since he had told me he had dined, I feared he would not accept the invitation. In a word, I was wishing that the poor wretch would help out his trouble by the fruits of mine, and would break his fast as he had the day before, since there was better wherewithal, through the victuals' being better and my hunger less. God willed to fulfil my desire, and I even think his too, because as I began to eat, and he was wandering about taking a walk, he approached me and said: "I tell thee, Lazaro, thou hast the best grace in eating that I ever saw a man have in my life, and nobody could see thee eat without thy giving him an appetite, even though he had none." "The very good one thou hast," said I to myself, "makes mine appear beautiful to thee." However, I thought I would aid him, since he was aiding

himself and opening me a way for it, and I said to him: "Sir, good tools make a good workman; this bread is most delicious, and this cow's-heel so well boiled and seasoned, that there could be nobody it would not invite by its savour." "Cow's-heel, is it?" "Yes, sir." "I tell thee it is the best morsel in the world, and there is no pheasant tastes so good to me." "Then try it, sir, and you shall see how good it is." I put the heel into his hand, and also three or four pieces of bread, of the whitest; he sat down by my side, and began to eat like a person with an appetite, gnawing each knuckle of it better than one of his greyhounds would do. "With garlic sauce," said he, "this is excellent feeding." "Thou art eating it with a better sauce," I answered, apart. "By'r lady, but it tasted as good to me, as if I had not eaten a mouthful today." "May happy years come to me as surely as that!" said I to myself. He asked me for the water-pitcher, and I gave it him just as I had fetched it: a

sign, since there was no water missing, that my master's dinner had not been excessive; we drank, and well content went to sleep as the night before. And to avoid prolixity, we went on eight or ten days in this way, the sinner going out in the morning with that satisfied manner and affected gait of his to swallow the air in the streets, having in poor Lazaro a wolf's head.

Many times I reflected on my misfortune, how escaping from the wretched masters I had had and seeking an improvement, I had happened to run across one who not only didn't maintain me, but whom I had to maintain. However, I liked him well, for I saw that he had nothing more and could do nothing more, and I rather had pity for him than enmity; and often, because of carrying home what he might live on, I lived poorly. Because one morning, the unhappy man getting up in his shirt, went up to the top of the house for a certain necessity; and meanwhile in order to be free from doubt, I unrolled his

pourpoint and his hose which he left at the head of the bed, and found a satin-velvet purse, folded a hundred times, and with devil a farthing in it, or sign that it had held one for a long time. "This master," said I, "is poor, and nobody gives what he has not; but the miserly blind man and the cursed mean priest, who, although God had provided for them both, one through his hand-kissing and the other through a glib tongue, used to kill me with hunger, them it is right to abhor, and this one to be sorry for." God is my witness that even today, when I run across any of his kind with that gait and pomposity, I pity him, wondering whether he suffers what I saw that one suffer, whom, with all his poverty, I was more glad to serve than the others, for the reason I have given. Only I was a little bit discontented with him; for I could have wished that he had not so much vanity, but would diminish his ideas a little with the great increase of his necessity; but, as it appears to me, it is a rule still regarded

and kept among such folk: although they have not a copper of change, their caps must be well cocked. The Lord help them, for they will go to their graves having this infirmity.

Well, then, I being in such a condition, leading the life I say, my bad luck would have it,— for it had not had enough of pursuing me,— that I should not keep on in that labourious and shameful mode of life. And it was this way; as that year the region was short of bread, the town council agreed that all stranger paupers should leave the city, making a proclamation that any they came across from that time on should be punished by whipping. And so, enforcing the law, four days after the proclamation was made, I saw them conduct a procession of paupers, whipping them through the Quatro Calles; the which caused me so much terror that I never dared take upon me to beg again. Hence, whoever could see it, might see the abstinence of our house and the sadness and silence of its inmates; to such an extent, that

we would happen to be two or three days without eating a mouthful or speaking a word. Some wenches, cotton-spinners, who made caps and lived near us, kept me alive, for I was on terms of neighbours and acquaintances with them; out of the pittance they earned, they used to give me some little bit, with which I barely managed to bear up. And I had not so much pity for myself as for my pitiful master, for during eight days devil a mouthful did he eat; at least at the house we certainly passed them without eating; I know not how or where he went, or what he ate. And to see him come down the street at midday, with stiff body, longer than a greyhound of good breed; and with regard to what touched his wretched honour, as they call it, he would take a straw, of which even there were not enough in the house, and go out the door picking those that had nothing in them, complaining still of that evil location, saying: "It is bad to see how the bad-luck of this dwelling brings evil. As thou

seest, it is dismal, sad, dark. While we remain here we shall suffer; I wish this month were ended so we could get out."

Well, while we were in this distressed and hungry affliction, one day, I know not by what luck or chance, into the poor control of my master there entered one bit, with which he came home as satisfied as if he had had the treasure of Venice, and with a very joyous and smiling face, he gave it to me, saying: "Take it, Lazaro, for now God is opening his hand. Go to the square and buy bread and wine and meat. Let us put out the devil's eye. And moreover, I'll let thee know, that thou may rejoice, that I have rented another house, and we have not to be in this disastrous one longer than until the month is ended; may it be damned, and he who put the first tile on it, for in an evil day I entered it. By our Lord, so long as I have lived here, drop of wine or mouthful of bread have I not eaten, nor have I had any rest, such a look it has and such darkness and sad-

ness. Go, and come quickly, and today let us dine like counts." I took the bit and the pitcher, and giving wings to my feet, I began to mount the street directing my steps toward the square, very contented and joyful. But what does it profit me, if it is written in my sad fate that no pleasure come to me without anguish? And so it was now, because while going up the street, casting up how I should lay out my bit that it might be best and most profitably spent, giving infinite thanks to God who had made my master have some money, in an evil hour there came toward me a dead man, whom many priests and people were carrying down the street on a bier. I flattened myself against the wall to give them room, and after the body had passed, there came, just behind the litter, one that must have been the wife of the defunct, loaded with mourning, and with her many other women; she walked along weeping in a loud voice and saying: "My husband and lord, whither are they taking you from me? To

the sad and unhappy house, to the dismal and dark house, to the house where they never eat or drink!" When I heard this, the heaven joined with the earth, and I said: "O unhappy me! They are taking this dead man to my house." I changed my course and pushed through the middle of the folk, and returned down the street as fast as I could run toward home; and entering, I closed in great haste, invoking the aid and support of my master, clinging to him, that he would come to assist me and to defend the entrance. He, somewhat disturbed, thinking it to be something else, said: "What is this, boy? What art thou crying about? What's the matter with thee? Why art closing the door with such fury?" "O sir," said I, "help me, for they are bringing us a dead man hither." "How so?" he replied. "I met him up there, and his wife walked along, saying, 'My husband and lord, whither are they taking you? To the dismal and dark house, to the sad and unhappy house, to the house

where they never eat or drink!’ Hither to us, sir, they are bringing him.” And certainly when my master heard this, although he had no reason to be very cheerful, he laughed so much that he was a very great while without being able to speak. During this time I still had the bar dropped across the door, and my shoulder placed against it for more security. The people passed with their dead, and I still feared that they were going to put him into our house; and after my good master was fuller with laughing than with eating, he said to me: “True it is, Lazaro, judging from what the widow is saying, thou wast right in thinking what thou didst think; but since God has made it better and they are passing on, open, open, and go for something to eat.” “Let them, sir, finish passing through the street,” said I. At last my master came to the door, and opened it, reassuring me, which was right necessary because of my fear and disturbance, and I went again on my way. But although we dined well that

day, devil a bit of pleasure I took in it, nor in the next three days did my colour return; and my master very laughing every time he remembered that supposition of mine.

In this manner I continued with my third master, this esquire, for some days, always wishing to know the purpose of his coming and remaining in that region; for from the first day I was in service with him, I knew him to be a stranger, from the slight acquaintance and intercourse he had with the natives there. At last my wish was fulfilled and I knew what I desired; for one day when we had dined reasonably well and he was rather contented, he gave me an account of his affairs, and told me he was from Old Castile, and that he had left his country for nothing more than to avoid taking off his hat to a knight, his neighbour. "Sir," said I, "if he was what you say and richer than you, you did not err in taking it off to him first, since you say that he used also to take his off to you." "He is what I say, and was richer, and he also

did use to take his off to me; but, as often as I took mine off first, it would not have been ill of him to be civil sometimes and anticipate me." "It appears to me, sir," I said, "that I should not have considered that, particularly with my betters and people who have more." "Thou art a lad," he replied, "and dost not understand questions of honour, wherein consists today the whole capital of gentlemen; but I'll let thee know that I, as thou seest, am esquire; but I swear to God, if I run across the count in the street and he does not take off his hat to me, quite entirely off, the next time he comes, it may suit me better to enter a house, pretending some business there, or to turn down another street, if there be one, before he gets near me, in order not to take mine off to him. For a gentleman owes nothing to anybody but God and the king, nor is it fit, being a man of worth, to omit a single point in having a high opinion of one's own self. I remember that one day

I insulted an artisan in my country and wanted to lay hands on him, because whenever I met him, he would say: 'God keep Your Worship.' 'You, sir worthless villain,' I told him, 'why aren't you polite?' "God keep you," must you needs say to me, as if I were merely anybody?' From then on, here and yon, he used to take his hat off to me, and speak as he should." "And isn't it a good way for one man to salute another," said I, "to say to him, may God keep him?" "Look, confound thee," said he, "to men of little breeding they say that, but to the higher, like me, they must say not less than: 'I kiss Your Worship's hands,' or at least: 'I kiss your hands, sir,' if he who speaks to me is a knight. And so, that fellow in my country, who was stuffing me with keeping,— I didn't care to stand it any more, nor would I stand it, nor will stand it from any man in the world, below the king, that he say to me: 'God keep you.' " "As I'm a sinner," said I, "that's why he takes so little care to keep

thee, since thou dost not suffer anybody to ask him." "Especially," he said, "since I am not so poor but that I have in my own country a place for building houses, and if these houses were up and fine ones, sixteen leagues away from where I was born, on that slope of Valladolid, they would be worth over two hundred thousand maravedis, so big and good they might be made; and I have a dove-cote, which were it not fallen down as it is, would give every year over two hundred young doves; and other things that I don't mention, which I left because of my honour's sake. And I came to this city, thinking that I should find a good situation, but it has not turned out for me as I thought. Canons and lords of the church I find a-plenty, but it is a folk so frugal, that the whole world will not draw them out of their gait. Knights of middling rank also seek me; but to serve these is a great labour, because you have to be changed from a man to a manille; or if not, 'God go with thee,' they will tell you; and most often

the wages are at long intervals, and the most likely is, food for service; and when they wish to still their consciences and recompense your sweats, you are paid off in the wardrobe with a sweated doublet or worn-out cape or coat. Now when a man takes service with a gentleman of title, then his indigence passes. For is it not peradventure in my ability to serve and satisfy these? By the Lord, if I fell in with one, I think I should be his prime favorite, and that I should do him a thousand services, because I should know how to lie to him as well as another, and how to be most marvellously agreeable to him: to laugh hard at his pleasantries and ways, although they were not the best in the world; never to tell him anything that might weigh upon him, although it might be very important to him; to be very diligent about his person, in word and deed; not to kill myself over doing things well which he would not see; and to set myself to quarrelling with the serving-people, when he would hear it, so that

I should appear to be very careful of what concerned him; if he should quarrel with any of his servants, to tell some trifles to fire his wrath, and which should appear to be in favour of the culprit; to tell him good about what seemed good to him, and about the contrary, to be malicious, a mocker; to slander those of the house and those outside; to search out and try to know the lives of others to relate to him; and many other amusing things of this sort, which are customary nowadays in palaces, and seem good to the lords there. And they don't wish to have virtuous men in their houses: but abhor them and hold them of little account, and call them asses, and that they are not men of affairs or with whom the lord can be at ease; and the clever nowadays behave with such lords in the way, as I say, that I should behave. But my fate does not will me to find one." In this manner my master deplored his adverse fortune, giving me an account of his worthy self.

Well, while we were thus occupied, a man and an old woman came in at the door. The man asked him for the rent of the house, and the old woman for that of the bed: they cast the account, and for two months they made it what he wouldn't make in a year; I think it was twelve or thirteen bits. And he gave them a very good reply: that he would go out to the square to change a doubloon, and they should return later in the evening; but his going-out was without return. By this token, that later in the evening they returned, but it was too late; I told them that he was not yet come. The night being come and he not, I was afraid to stay in the house alone, and betook myself to the neighbour-women and told them the situation, and slept there. The morning being come, the creditors return and ask for the neighbour, but "Try next door!" The women reply: "Here you have his boy and the door-key." They asked me about him, and I told them that I didn't know where he was, and that he

had not returned home again after he went out to change the piece of money, and that I thought he had gone away with the change from me as well as from them. When they hear this, they go for a constable and a notary; and behold! they soon return with them, and take the key, and call me, and call witnesses, and open the door, and go in to attach my master's effects until they should be paid their debt. They went over the whole house and found it unfurnished, as I have related, and said to me: "How about thy master's effects, his chests and wall-hangings, and furnishings?" "I don't know," I answered. "No doubt," they say, "they must have removed it all last night and taken it somewhere. Mr. Constable, arrest this lad, for he knows where it is." On this came the constable and laid his hand on the collar of my doublet, saying: "Boy, thou art arrested, unless thou disclose the goods of this master of thine." I, never having seen myself in another such situation,—because I

had been seized by the collar, yes, many times; but it was gently, by the blind man, so that I might show the road to him who saw not,— I was greatly scared, and weeping, promised to tell what they asked me. “That is good,” they say; “then tell what thou knowest and be not afraid.” The notary sat down on a stone bench to write the inventory, asking me what there was. “Sirs,” said I, “what this master of mine has, according to what he told me, is a very good place for building houses and a fallen-down dove-cote.” “That is good,” they say; “little as that may be worth, there is enough to settle us this debt. And in what part of town has he that?” they asked me. “In his own country,” I replied. “By’r Lady, but this is a good business,” said they. “And where is his country?” “In Old Castile he told me it was,” I told them. The constable and the notary laughed a great deal, saying: “This is information enough to cover your debt, even were it better.” The neighbour-

women, who were present, said: "Sirs, this is an innocent child, and it is only a few days he has been with this esquire, and he knows no more of him than Your Worships. Besides, the poor little sinner comes here to our house, and we give him what we can to eat for the love of God, and at nights he went back to sleep with him." My innocence being seen, they let me go, liberating me. And the constable and the notary asked their fees of the man and of the woman; upon which they had a grand dispute and uproar, because they maintained they were not obliged to pay, since there was not wherewithal and the attachment was not made: the others said they had given up going to other business which was more important to them, to come to this. Finally, after much talking, at the end they loaded a bailiff with the old woman's old bedding, but he wasn't very heavy laden. All five went away disputing. I don't know how it came out: I believe the poor wretched bedding paid for everything; and it served it

right, for at the time when it ought to have reposed and rested from its former labours, it was going about for rent. Thus, as I have related, my poor third master left me; wherein I fully realized my wretched luck, for behaving as outrageously as possible toward me, it did my business so contrariwise, that whereas masters are wont to be left by their boys, in my case it was not so, but my master left me and ran away from me.

TREATISE FOURTH

*How Lazaro Took Service with a Friar
of La Merced, and of What Hap-
pened to Him While with Him*

I HAD to seek the fourth, and this one was a friar of La Merced, whom the wenches I mentioned put me into the way of, and whom they called kinsman: a great enemy of the choir and of eating at the convent, daft on gadding about, most friendly to secular business and visiting; so much so, that I think he wore out the most shoes of all the convent. He gave me the first shoes that ever I wore out in my life, and they didn't last me a week; nor with his trotting could I last longer. And because of this, and other trifles I don't mention, I made my exit.

TREATISE FIFTH

*How Lazaro Took Service with a Pardoner,
and of the Things He Went
Through with Him*

THROUGH my luck I hit on the fifth, who was a pardoner, the most impudent and shameless, but the best seller of indulgences that ever I saw or expect to see, or think any one ever saw; because he had and sought out modes and methods and very cunning contrivances. On entering the villages where the bull was to be offered, first he would present the priests and curates with some trifles, of neither much value nor importance: a Murcian lettuce, a couple of limes or oranges if it was the season, a clingstone peach, a couple of free-stone peaches, a greenish pear to each one: thus he would try

to get them inclined to favour his business and to call on their parishioners to buy the indulgence. When they were offering him their thanks, he would inform himself of their calibre: if they said they understood it, he wouldn't speak a word of Latin so as not to make a slip, but utilized a genteel and clear-cut vernacular and a very smooth tongue; and if he knew that the said clergy were of the reverends,— I mean those that are ordained more with money than with letters and orders,— he would make himself a Saint Thomas among them, and speak two hours in Latin, or at least it appeared such, although it was not. When they were not buying the bulls of him willingly, he undertook that they should take them unwillingly; and to that end he would play havoc on the town; and at times tried cunning tricks. And because it would be too long to relate all those I saw him do, I will tell only one subtle and amusing one, by which I shall well prove his talent.

In a place in the Sagra of Toledo he had preached two or three days, making his accustomed side-efforts, and they had not bought the indulgence from him, nor to my mind had they any intention of buying it. He was devilish at that; and on considering what to do, decided to invite the whole town, the next day in the morning, to dispose of the bull. And that night after supper, he and the constable sat down to play for the collation. And over their play they fell to quarrelling and to having bad words: he called the constable a thief, and the other called him a forger. Upon this, Mr. Commissioner, my gentleman, took a lance, which was in the arcade where they were playing; the constable put his hand on his sword, which he had at his side. At the noise and outcry we all made, the guests and neighbours came to their assistance, and got between them; and they, very angry, tried to get free from those that were between them, so as to kill each other; but as people swarmed to the great

noise till the house was full of them, seeing that they could not harm each other with arms, they said abusive words, among which the constable told my master that he was a forger and that the bulls he preached were forged. Finally, the townspeople, seeing they were not able to pacify them, agreed to carry the constable away from the inn to somewhere else; and so my master remained there, very angry; and after the guests and neighbours had entreated him to get rid of his anger and go to sleep, he went, and so we all went to bed.

The morning being come, my master betook himself to the church, and bade them ring to mass and to a sermon for disposing of the indulgence. And the people assembled, murmuring about the bulls, saying how they were forged, and that the constable himself had revealed it in quarrelling: so that if they had small desire to buy it before, now they altogether abhorred it. Mr. Commissioner mounted into the pulpit, and began

his sermon, urging the people not to remain without so much benefit and indulgence as the holy bull carried with it. When he was in the best of the sermon, the constable entered through the church-door; and after he had said a prayer, he arose, and in a loud and deliberate voice, judiciously began to say: "Good men, hear me a word, and afterwards ye shall hear whomsoever ye may wish. I came here with this swindler who is preaching to you, and he corrupted me, and told me I should abet him in this business and we would divide the profits; and now, seeing the harm it would do my conscience and your pockets, repenting of what I have done, I declare to you plainly that the bulls he preached are forged, and that ye should not believe him or buy them, and that I neither directly nor indirectly am party to them, and that from now on I give up my staff and throw it on the ground; and if at any time this man should be punished for his forgery, that ye be witnesses for me how I am not with him

and do not give him aid in it, but instead undeceive you and declare his iniquity." And he ended his discourse. Some gentlemen who were there wanted to get up and throw the constable out of the church, to avoid scandal; but my master was ahead of them and ordered them all not to disturb him under pain of excommunication, but to let him say all he wished; and so he too kept silence while the constable said all I have said. When he hushed, my master requested him, if he wished to say any more, to say it. The constable said: "There is plenty more to say about you and your forgery, but for now enough." Mr. Commissioner went on his knees in the pulpit, and with his hands clasped, looking up to heaven, spoke thus: "Lord God, to whom no thing is hid, but all things manifest, and to whom naught is impossible, but everything possible, thou knowest the truth and how unjustly I am defamed. As for what concerns me, I forgive him, in order that thou, Lord, may forgive me; look

not upon that man who knoweth not what he says or does: but as to the offence done to thee, I beseech thee, Lord, do not dissemble, because some one here, who perhaps thought to buy this holy bull, may give credit to the false words of that man and refrain from doing so. And since the injury to his neighbour is so great, I beseech thee, Lord, do not dissemble it, but forthwith show a miracle here, and let it be in this manner: that if what that man saith be true, and I am wicked and a forger, this pulpit may sink with me and go seven fathoms under the earth, whence may neither it nor I ever appear; and if what I say is true, and that man, persuaded of the devil, speaketh evil in order to quit and deprive those present of so great benefit, be he then chastised, and his malice known of all."

Scarcely had my devout master ended his prayer, when the wretched constable fell from his footing, and hit so hard on the floor that it made the whole church resound, and began

to roar and to blow foam out of his mouth, and distort it, and make grimaces with his face, striking with foot and hand, rolling about on the floor from one place to another. The clamour and outcry of the people was so great, that they couldn't hear one another. Some were amazed and scared; certain said: "The Lord help and protect him," others: "It serves him right, when he was bearing such false witness." Finally, some of them, and it seemed to me not without more or less fear, approached, and seized him by the arms, with which he was punching those that were near him; others took him by the legs and held on vigorously, for there was never a tricky mule in the world that gave such vigorous kicks; and so they held him a long while, because more than fifteen men were on top of him and he gave them all their hands full, and if they were careless, in their snouts.

During all this, my lord and master was in the pulpit on his knees, his hands and eyes

turned toward heaven, transported in the divine essence, for the uproar and noise and outcry in the church were not capable of parting him from his divine contemplation. Those good men approached, and by shouting aroused him, and besought him to be pleased to succour that poor creature who was dying, and not to consider things past or his evil sayings, since he had already had his payment for those; but if in any way he could manage to liberate him from the peril and pain he was suffering, for the love of God he would do it, since they clearly saw the culprit's culpability, and his own truth and goodness, since at his petition and for his satisfaction the Lord did not defer the chastisement. Mr. Commissioner, like one who awakens from a sweet dream, looked at them, and looked at the delinquent, and at all those that were around him, and very deliberately said to them: " Good men, ye never had to pray for a man through whom God had so manifestly made himself manifest: but since he

commands us not to return evil for evil, and to forgive injuries, we may with confidence beseech him to carry out what he commands us, and ask His Majesty to forgive this man, who offended him by putting obstacles to his holy faith. Let us all supplicate him." And so he descended from the pulpit, and recommended them to beseech our Lord very devoutly that he might find it well to forgive that sinner and restore him to his health and sound sense, and cast out the devil, if His Majesty had permitted it to enter into him for his great sin. All went down on their knees before the altar, and began in a low voice to chant a litany with the priests; and coming with the cross and holy water, after having sung over him, my lord and master, with his hands turned to heaven and his eyes so that almost nothing showed but a little white, began a prayer no less long than devout, by which he made all the people weep, — as they are wont to do at the Passion sermons, with a devout preacher and congre-

gation,— beseeching our Lord, since he did not desire the death of the sinner, but rather his life and repentance, to be pleased to forgive this man misled by the devil and lured by death and sin, and to give him life and health, in order that he might repent and confess his sins. And this done, he bade fetch the bull, and placed it on his head: and at once the wretch of a constable began little by little to be better and to return to himself; and when he was well restored to his senses, he threw himself at the feet of Mr. Commissioner, and asked forgiveness of him; confessed that he had said all that by the mouth and command of the devil, for one thing to do him harm and revenge himself for his anger, for another and more particularly, because the devil was in great pain over the good that would be done there in buying the indulgence. My lord and master forgave him, and friendship was made between them; and there was such haste to buy the bull, that scarcely a living soul in the village re-

mained without one, husband and wife, and sons and daughters, men-servants and maid-servants.

The news of the occurrence spread through the neighbouring villages, and when we reached them, a sermon was not necessary, or even to go to church, for they came to the inn to buy it as if it were pears that were given away gratis. So that in ten or twelve villages of those round about, to which we went, my lord and master got rid of as many thousand bulls without preaching a sermon. When the healing took place, I confess my sin that I too was astounded, and believed it was true, like many others; but afterwards on seeing the laughter and jokes that my master and the constable enjoyed over the business, I knew how it had been engineered by that ingenious and inventive master of mine. [In another village, which I prefer for its honour not to name, there happened to us the following, and this was that my master preached

[two or three sermons, and not a blessed bull did they take; my astute master seeing how it went and that although he said he would give credit for a year, it was no use, and that they were so stiff-necked about buying it, and that his labour was lost, he had the bells rung for his leave-taking, and having preached a sermon and taken leave from the pulpit, when he was ready to come down, he called the scrivener and me who was loaded with saddle-bags, and had us come to the first step, and took what the constable carried in his hands, and those that wouldn't go into the saddle-bags he put near his feet, and went back into the pulpit with a happy face, and began to toss out the indulgences by tens and by twenties, in every direction, saying: "Take them, my brothers, take the blessings that God sends you into your houses, and grieve not, for it is a very pious work, the redemption of the captive Christians who are in Moorish lands, that they may not deny our holy faith, and go to the

[torments of hell. At least aid them with your alms and with five Pater Nosters and five Ave Marias, that they may escape from captivity. And moreover, they are valid for your parents and brothers and sisters and spouses whom ye have in purgatory, as ye will see in this holy bull." When the people saw them being tossed like something given gratis and coming from the hand of God, they took them, and took more for the babies in the cradle, and for all their dead, counting from the children to the very least servant of theirs, counting them on their fingers. We were in such a press that, for my part, they tore almost to pieces a poor old coat I was wearing, so that I assure Your Worship that in a little over an hour not a bull remained in the saddle-bags, and it was necessary to send to the lodging-house for more. When all were taken, my master said from the pulpit to the scrivener and to the members of the council that they should rise, and

[in order that he might know who those were that should profit by the holy indulgence, and in order that he might give a good account to him who had sent him, that they should be written down. And so at once everybody with very good will told how many he had taken, counting in order the children and servants and the dead. His inventory made, he begged the alcaldes that for charity's sake, because he had things to do elsewhere, they would send the scrivener to give him a report of the inventory and a memorandum of those that remained there, which, according to what the scrivener said, were more than two thousand. This being done, he took his leave with much peace and love, and so we departed from this village, and before we departed he was asked by the vicar of the village and by the aldermen, if the indulgence served for infants that were in their mothers' wombs. To which he replied that according to the studies he had made, no, that they

[should go ask older doctors than he, and that this was what he regretted about this business.

And so we departed, all being very gay over the good business, my master saying to the constable and the scrivener: "What do you think of these rustics who by merely saying: 'We are old Christians,' think to be saved without doing works of charity, without giving any of their property? For by the life of the Licenciado Paschasio Gomez, at their cost more than two captives shall be ransomed." And so we went to another village on that side of Toledo toward La Mancha, as they say, where we encountered still others who were obstinate about buying indulgences. My master and the others that went with us having done all we could, in two feast-days that we were there they hadn't sold thirty bulls. My master seeing the great loss and the large expense he underwent, the stratagem that my wily master found for getting rid of his indulgences was

[this, that he said the high mass that day, and after the sermon was ended, returning to the altar, he took a cross he carried, a little more than a palm long, and put it into a burning brazier which was on the altar (which they had brought for warming his hands, because it was very cold) behind the missal, without anybody's seeing it, and there, saying nothing, he put the cross on the fire. And when he had ended the mass, and given the benediction, he took the cross in his right hand well wrapped up in a cloth, and in the other the bull, and so he went down to the last step of the altar, where he made as if he kissed the cross, and made a sign that they should come and adore the cross. And so the alcaldes came first, and the most reverend people of the village were coming one by one, as the custom is. And the first to come, who was an old alcalde, although he gave him the cross to kiss very gently, burned his face, and drew away hastily. My master seeing which, said: "Softly, gently, Mr. Alcalde, a

[miracle." And seven or eight others did the same and to all of them he said: "Softly, gentlemen, a miracle." When he saw that there were enough burnt-faces to be witnesses to the miracle, he stopped offering it to be kissed, went up to the foot of the altar, and there said marvellous things, saying that because of the little charity there was in them, God had permitted that miracle, and that that cross must be carried to the holy main church of the bishopric, for because of the little charity there was in the people the cross had burned. Such was the haste they made to get the bull that two scriveners and the priests and the sacristans were not enough to write it. I really believe that they took more than three thousand indulgences, as I have told Your Worship. Afterwards, on leaving, he went with great reverence, as is fitting, to get the holy cross, saying that it must be set in gold, as it properly ought. He was much begged by the council and the clergy of the village to leave that holy cross there,

[in memory of the miracle that had occurred. He didn't at all wish to do so, and at last since so many begged him, he left it, on condition that they give him another old cross of antique silver that they had, which might weigh two or three pounds, as they said. And so we departed, contented with our good trade, and with having had good business in general. Nobody saw the abovesaid but me, because I went up on the altar to see if anything was left in the cruets, so as to put it away, as I was accustomed to do at such times; and when he saw me there, he put his finger to his mouth, making me a sign that I should keep quiet. So I did, because it behooved me, although after I had seen the miracle I could hardly refrain from letting it out, except that fear of my clever master did not permit me to communicate it to anybody. And it never came out through me, because he took my oath not to disclose the miracle, and I never did until now.] And though but a lad, I was much amused and

said to myself: "How many of these games these cheats must play among the innocent folk!" To conclude, I was with this my fifth master about four months, during which I also underwent sufferings, [,although he gave me plenty to eat at the cost of the curates and other priests where he went to preach].

TREATISE SIXTH

*How Lazaro Took Service with a Chaplain,
and What He Went Through with Him.*

AFTER this I took service with a master of tambourine-painting, to grind the colours for him, and again I suffered a thousand ills.

Being now by this time a good big youth, entering the principal church one day, a chaplain there received me for his; and put me in charge of a good ass and four jars and a whip, and I began to sell water about the city. This was the first rung I mounted toward reaching a comfortable life, because I had my belly full: every day I gave my master thirty maravedis earned, and Saturdays I earned for myself, besides all the excess, during the week, over thirty maravedis.

The vocation did so well for me, that at the end of four years that I followed it, by taking good care with my earnings, I saved enough to dress myself very decently in the Ropa Vieja, where I bought an old fustian jerkin, and a worn coat with garnished sleeves and open in the neck, and a cape that had boasted a nap, and a sword of the old first ones of Cuellar. After I saw me in the habit of a gentleman, I told my master he could take his ass, since I no longer cared to follow that vocation.

TREATISE SEVENTH

How Lazaro Took Service with a Constable, and of What Happened to Him while with Him

HAVING said good-bye to the chaplain, I took service as a bailiff with a constable; but lived a very little while with him, for that vocation seemed to me dangerous; the more so, because one night some men in ambush ran upon us, me and my master, with stoning and clubs; and my master, who made a stand, they maltreated, but didn't get me: on this I renounced the trade.

And thinking what mode of life should be my employment so as to have ease and to earn something against old age, God was pleased to enlighten me and to place me in a profitable way and road; and with the

favour I had from friends and gentlemen, all my labours and hardships till then undergone were repaid by my obtaining what I procured, which was a royal office — seeing that there is nobody thrives but those that have one — in which this very day I live and reside at the service of God and of Your Worship; and it is this,—I have the job of crying the wines that are sold in this city, and auctions, and lost articles, of accompanying those that suffer persecution for justice' sake and declaring aloud their crimes: crier, speaking in the vernacular. [In which vocation, one day that we hanged a sneak-thief in Toledo, and I was carrying a good broom-ropes, I understood and took in the saying which that blind man, my master, had said in Escalona, and I was sorry for the bad payment I gave him for all he taught me, for after God, he gave me the instruction to make me reach the state I am now in.] It has turned out so well for me, and I have filled the place so easily, that nearly all things

touching the profession. pass through my hands; insomuch that, in the whole city whoever has wine or something else to put on sale, unless Lazaro de Tormes is engaged in it, they reckon on not getting a profit.

During this time, the archpriest of San Salvador, my lord, and Your Worship's servant and friend, seeing my ability and my good way of life, having occasion to notice me because I was crying his wines, undertook to marry me to a maidservant of his; and since I saw that only benefit and favour could come from such a person, I agreed to do it. And so I married her, and up to now I have not repented; because, besides her being a good girl and a diligent helper, I have from my lord archpriest all favour and aid, and in the course of a year he always gives her from time to time close to a load of wheat, her meat on the great feast days, and now and then a couple of the wheaten loaves, and the old hose he is through with. And he had us rent a little house near his own;

Sundays and almost all holidays we ate in his house; but evil tongues, which never were wanting or will be wanting, do not leave us alone, saying I know not what, and yes I do know, because they see my wife go to make his bed and cook his victuals. And may God help them better than they tell the truth [although at this time I always had some tiny bit of suspicion, and had some bad times waiting for her some nights until lauds and even later; and that has come to my mind which my blind master told me in Escalona, when he was holding the horn, although really I always think the devil brings it to my mind to make my marriage unhappy, and he doesn't succeed]: for in addition to her not being a woman who is pleased with these jokes, my lord has promised me what I think he will fulfil, for he talked to me very fully one day before her, and said: "Lazaro de Tormes, he who regards the speeches of evil tongues will never thrive; I say this because I should not be astonished if somebody

talked, seeing thy wife enter my house and leave it. She enters greatly to thine honour and hers, and this I promise thee. Therefore do not notice what they can say, but rather what concerns thee, I mean thy profit." "Sir," I told him, "I determined to stick to the honest people: true it is that some of my friends have told me something of this, and even have assured me more than thrice that before she was married to me she had lain in thrice, saving the presence of Your Worship, because she is here." Then my wife swore such oaths that I thought the house would sink under us; and afterwards took to weeping and to hurling maledictions at him who had married her to me, so that I wished I had been dead before that word had issued from my mouth; but I on one side and my lord on the other, spoke to her and conceded so much, that she ceased her weeping, on an oath I made her never again in my life to mention anything of that to her, and that I was pleased and held it good that

she should come in and go out, by night and by day, since I was right sure of her virtue; and so we all three became quite reconciled. Until this very day nobody ever heard us on the matter; but instead, when I feel that somebody means to say something about her, I stop him and tell him: "Look here, if you are my friend, do not tell me anything that would sadden me, for I do not hold him as a friend who makes me sad; all the more if they intend to set me at odds with my wife, who is the thing I most care for in the world, and I love her more than myself; and God does me in her a thousand mercies and more good than I deserve; for I will swear upon the consecrated host, that she is as good a woman as dwells within the gates of Toledo, and whoso should tell me otherwise, I will fight him." Thus they tell me nothing, and I have peace in my house.

This was the same year that our victorious emperor entered into this famous city of Toledo and held the Cortes here, and there

were great celebrations and feasts made, as Your Worship will have heard.

Well, at this time I was in my prosperity and at the summit of all good fortune. [Of what shall happen to me from now on I will inform Your Worship.]

NOTES

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- Page iv.] *fabliaux*. *Recueil général des fabliaux*, ed. Montaiglon, Paris, 1872-1883, 6 vols. J. Bédier, *Les fabliaux*, 2d ed., Paris, 1895.
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- Libro de Buen Amor*. Annotated edition by J. Cejador, Madrid, 1913.

Page vii.] *Corbacho*. Alfonso Martínez de Toledo, *Arcipreste de Talavera*, Madrid, 1901. (Sociedad de Bibliófilos Españoles.)

Celestina. The work exists in two redactions, one of sixteen and one of twenty-one acts. For the first, see the editions by Foulché-Delbosc in the *Bibliotheca Hispanica*, vols. I and XII; for the second, the edition in the *Bibliotheca Romanica*, nos. 142-145 (Heitz, Strassburg). James Mabbe's English translation of 1631 is available in the *Tudor Translations*, no. 4, with an admirable introduction by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly (London, Nutt, 1894), and in the *Library of Early Novelists*, London, Routledge, n. d., edited by H. Warner Allen, with an excellent study of the picaresque novel. For the *Celestina* question in general, see M. Menéndez y Pelayo, *Orígenes de la Novela*, vol. III, pages 1, ff.

Page ix.] *Segunda Celestina*. First known edition, 1534. Modern edition, Madrid, 1874 (*Libros Raros ó Curiosos*, vol. IX).

Lozana Andaluza. Modern ed. in *Colección de Libros Picarescos*.

Page x.] *Dialogue*. *Diálogo de Mercurio y Carón*, in Boehmer's *Romanische Studien*, vol. VI, 1881.

Page xi.] *Nucio*. C. J. N., *Essai sur l'imprimerie des Nutius*. Seconde ed., Bruxelles, 1858; G. Van Havre, *Marques Typographiques des imprimeurs et libraires anversois*, Anvers, 1885, vol. II, p. 49 ff.; *Biographie Nationale de Belgique*, XVI, p. 11 ff. From a checklist which I have compiled, it is apparent that considerably over half of the Spanish books published in Antwerp in the sixteenth century were from the presses of Nucio and his successors. While he is to be credited with some first editions, his more common practice was to reprint books that had already been issued in Spain. In the privilege of a book of 1544 it is

- stated that Nucio had been in Spain and knew Spanish. *Revue Hispanique* XXXIII, p. 319.
- French scholar. R. Foulché-Delbosc, *Remarques sur Lazarille de Tormes*, in *Revue Hispanique*, VII, 1900, 81 ff. I am very much indebted to this article, which see for description of the three early editions, pp. 81-82.
- age xiv.] *careless reader*. "La continuation que l'auteur promet, en finissant, à l'histoire de son Lazarille n'a jamais été faite." Viardot, in Lesage, *Gil Blas*, Paris, 1846, p. XLX; Hannay, *Later Renaissance*, p. 141; "Les dernières lignes semblent annoncer une suite qui ne parut point." E. Mérimée, *Précis d'Histoire de la Littérature Espagnole*, Paris, 1908, p. 193. These authors seem not to have noticed the earlier passage in the last chapter (on page 120 of this translation), "a royal office—in which this very day I live and reside."
- age xv.] *Sigüenza*. *Tercera Parte de la Historia de la Orden de San Geronimo*, Madrid, 1605, p. 183. Modern edition edited by Catalina García, 2 vols., Madrid, 1907, 1909. See vol. II, p. 145.
- Mendoza*. *Catalogus clarorum Hispaniae scriptorum . . . opera ac studio Valerii Andreae*. Mayence, 1607, p. 44.
- age xvi.] *histories of literature*. E. Faguet, *Initiation into Literature*, p. 142.
- Morel-Fatio*. *Recherches sur Lazarille de Tormès*. In *Études sur l'Espagne, Première série*, 2me édition, Paris, 1895, pp. 109-166. (First edition, 1888.) The first serious modern study of the *Lazarillo*. All later studies owe much to Morel-Fatio's work. "L'attribution du Lazarillo à Mendoza ne supporte pas un long examen, tant l'absurdité en est flagrante: elle a été combattue par Gregorio Mayans en 1731, par un traducteur français anonyme en 1781, et un siècle plus tard

par M. Morel-Fatio." Foulché-Delbosc, *Les œuvres attribuées à Mendoza*, in *Rev. Hisp.*, XXXII, 1914, p. 16.

Latest editor. Julio Cejador y Frauca, who prepared the edition for the *Clásicos Castellanos*, Madrid, La Lectura, 1914. For this edition see *Modern Language Notes*, XXX, 1915, p. 85 ff. Cejador has advanced the same views in his *Historia de la lengua y literatura Española (Época de Carlos V)*, Madrid, 1915, p. 235 ff.

Cancionero. Sevilla, 1874. Quite as reasonably it has been suggested that Horozco borrowed from *Lazarillo*. A. Morel-Fatio et L. Rouanet, *Le théâtre espagnol*, p. 11.

Page xvi.] *prominent authority.* Fonger de Haan, *An Outline of the History of the Novela Picaresca in Spain*, The Hague, New York, 1903, p. 13. This book is one of the two standard works on the subject. The other is F. W. Chandler's *Romances of Roguery*, N. Y., 1899.

Page xvii.] *the style.* The notes to the text will call attention to several passages in which the author shows himself a conscious stylist.

Morel-Fatio's suggestion. In *Recherches*, etc., p. 164.

Page xviii.] *Los Gelves.* See note to p. 9.

Bonilla y San Martín. *Anales de la Literatura Española (Años 1900-1904)*, Madrid, 1904, p. 157.

Page xix.] *Charles the Fifth.* See Julio Milego, *El Teatro en Toledo*, p. 13; *Crónica de Don Francesillo de Zúñiga*, p. 36 ff. (In *Biblioteca de Aut. Esp.*, vol. 36.) There were, of course, complimentary festivities in connection with the cortes of 1538-39.

Page xx.] *Pavia.* February, 1525. "The campaign of the winter of 1524-1525 is perhaps the greatest triumph of Spanish arms." M. A. S. Hume, *Spain, Its Greatness and Decay*, Cambridge, 1898, p. 54. On the other

hand the signing of a ten years' truce between Charles and Francis in 1538, was in no sense a victory for Charles. See Hume, *The Spanish People*, N. Y., 1901, p. 384.

Circulated in manuscript. Indeed, this survival of a mediæval custom was rather the rule than otherwise, throughout Europe. Among Spanish authors whose works are known to have circulated in manuscript are Antonio de Guevara, Castillejo, Cristóbal de Villalón, Quevedo, Garcilaso, Góngora. Of his *Religio Medici*, Thomas Browne says: "Being communicated to one, it became common unto many, and was by transcription successively corrupted, until it arrived in a most depraved copy at the press." See ed. London, Scott, 1886, p. XI.

Page xxii.] *Liber facetiarum.* Foulché-Delbosc, *Remarques*, pp. 95-97. Properly punctuated and corrected, this extract has more literary value than the editor is inclined to grant it.

Page xxiii.] *Crotalón.* Accessible in Menéndez y Pelayo's *Orígenes de la Novela*, vol. II. See pages 166-172, particularly p. 171. There are two redactions of the *Crotalón*, and in only one of these is Lazarillo mentioned. Both de Haan (*Outline*, p. 85), and Bonilla (*Anales*, p. 221) take the allusion to the tunnyfish to be a reminiscence of the *Segunda Parte* of Lazarillo. In that case, how can we explain the convent episode, which is not in the *Segunda Parte*, and in the other two texts occurs with very curious parallelisms of language?

Page xxiv.] *Lozana Andaluza.* Ed. cit., p. 137. The story is told by Sacchetti, Nov. XIV, and in the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, No. 50. James Howell repeats it in the *Familiar Letters*, ed. Jacobs, p. 571.

Timoneda. In the *Menechmos*. Reprinted in Moratin,

Orígenes del Teatro español (*Bib. de Aut. Esp.*, vol. II, p. 302). Allusion noted by De Haan.

oler el poste. Morel-Fatio found it classified as a *civildad* (stereotyped phrase) by Quiñones de Benavente (1645). See *Colección de piezas dramáticas de Luis Quiñones de B.*, Madrid, 1872, vol. I, p. 49, and E. Cotarelo, *Colección de Entremeses*, Madrid, 1911, Tomo I, vol. 2, p. 503 ff. Used also by Alcalá Yañez, *Alonso, mozo de muchos amos, Segunda Parte*, 1626, Cap. VIII. Correas, *Vocabulario de Refranes*, p. 154, says the expression is taken from the *cuento de Lazarillo*, and is used to allude to one who, foreseeing danger, is able to escape from it.

marginal illustrations. First noticed by Jusserand in *Athenæum*, Dec. 29, 1888, then published by him in *English Wayfaring Life*, London, 1889. A better reproduction in Foulché-Delbosc's *Remarques*, to face p. 94. One of the pictures seems to portray the anecdote of the boy who steals the blind man's wine through a straw.

Page xxv.] *French farces*. See *Le Garçon et l'Aveugle. Jeu du XIIIe siècle*, édité par Mario Roques, Paris, 1911. (*Les classiques français du moyen âge.*); Gustave Cohen, *La scène de l'aveugle et de son valet dans le théâtre français du moyen âge*, *Romania*, XLI, 1912.

smell-the-post story. I hope to publish shortly a study of the different versions of this story. The following are the more important of the versions known to me. (1) *Tales and Quicke Answers*, London, 1567, reprinted in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Jest-Books, First Series*, London, 1864, p. 142. The tale in question is not in the first edition, ca. 1535, and was probably collected between the years 1547 and 1553, according to Stiefel, in *Anglia*, XXXI, 516. (2) Burchard Waldis, *Esopus*, Frankfort, 1548. See the

edition by H. Kurz, Leipzig, 1862, vol. II, p. 238. (3) Jacobi Brassicani Cool, *Fabularum Libellus*, Goudae, typis J. Sasseni Thoennii, 1586, p. 112. (4) Sebastián de Horozco, *Representación de la historia evangélica del capítulo nono de Sanct Joan*. In the *Cancionero*, pp. 157-166. This farce is believed to have been acted in 1548, and possibly composed much earlier. See *Lazarillo*, ed. Cejador, p. 58. (5) *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II, sc. I. *Benedict*. "Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post." The parallel to the *Lazarillo* was pointed out in the 18th century by Eschenburg, but modern editions of the play seldom mention it. (6) Fernan Caballero, *Cuentos y poesías populares andaluzes*, Sevilla, 1859, p. 176. Notice by Foulché-Delbosc, *Remarques*, p. 92. (7) Braga, *Contos tradicionais do povo portuguez*, vol. I, p. 196, "O cego e o moço."

Novellino. Parallel noted by Morel-Fatio, *Vie de Lazarille de Tormès, Traduction nouvelle*. . . Paris, 1886, pp. 10 ff.

other episodes. See notes to p. 9, stone animal, p. 20, grapes, p. 83, the sad and dismal house.

Page xxvii.] *Salzedo's shop*. Juan de Brocar and Athanasio de Salzedo were apparently, at this time, the only printers in the University town. We first hear of Salzedo in 1551 as a bookseller and not as a printer. The *Lazarillo*, the first book known to be printed by him, is not mentioned in the official history of printing in Alcalá, Catalina García's *Ensayo de una tipografía hispalense*, Madrid, 1889. Salzedo must have been a man of education, as he prepared for the press the edition of Seneca's tragedies printed by Brocar in 1552. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the undergraduates at Salamanca had as good an oppor-

tunity to read Lazarillo as did their confrères at Alcalá, for the printer of the Burgos edition, Juan de Junta, maintained a press at Salamanca as well. Indeed there seems to be something significant about the launching of *Lazarillo* by two University printers.

sellers of indulgences. See note to page 97.

Index. F. H. Reusch, *Der Index der Verbotener Bücher*, Bonn, 1883, vol. I, p. 360 ff. and p. 593; H. C. Lea, *History of the Inquisition in Spain*, N. Y., 1907, vol. III, pp. 482-487.

Page xxviii.] *additions of Alcalá.* Described by Morel-Fatio, *op. cit.* They have been included, between brackets, in the present translation.

anonymous continuation. *La Segunda Parte de Lazarillo de Tormes.* . . . Anvers, Martin Nucio, MDLV. Reprinted in *Novelistas anteriores á Cervantes*, in *Bibl. de Autores Esp.*, vol. III.

Page xxxi.] "riddle questions." See the interesting monograph by Dr. R. Schevill, *Some Forms of the Riddle Question*, in *University of California Publications in Modern Philology*, vol. II, pp. 183-237.

1573. See the passage quoted on p. XXXI.

Page xxxiv.] *Lazarillo.* For the title see F. W. Chandler, *Romances of Roguery*, N. Y., 1889, p. 401. This valuable work contains an excellent bibliography of the Spanish rogue novel.

Page xxxvi.] *Juan de Luna.* Title in Chandler, p. 402. Luna was a protestant, and in 1623 became a preacher in London, where he died. See Boehmer's article in *Zeitschrift für Vergleichenden Literatur*, vol. XV, p. 423 ff. Luna's continuation is reprinted in the *Novelistas anteriores á Cervantes*.

Page xl.] *some account.* Titles for most of these are given in Chandler.

- Saugrain.* Mentioned in Baudrier, *Bibliographie Lyonnaise*, 4e série, p. 327. I can trace no copy of this edition.
- L'Histoire plaisante.* See Chandler, p. 403.
- Page xli.] *Viardot.* This translation was published with the *Gil Blas* of Gigoux, Paris, 1846.
- German.* For the German versions consult Rausse, *Zur Geschichte des Spanischen Schelmonromans in Deutschland*, Münster i. Westf., 1908, p. 41 ff. (In *Münsterschen Beiträge zur Neueren Literaturgeschichte*, Heft VIII.)
- Page xlii.] *Colwell.* He printed for Rowland, "*An epytaphe of my lord of Pembroke.*" See article Rowland in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*
- Page xliii.] *French translations.* "I thought it no labour evill bestowed, to occupy myselfe in the translation thereof. And being moved thereto the rather, perceiving that in France many delighted therein, being turned into their tongue, I fully determined to bring my former pretence to end." Evidently Rowland had taken up his translation again after a lapse of time.
- Page xliv.] *Roscoe.* In his *Spanish Novelists*, vol. I, pp. 51-126.
- Page 1.] *Pliny.* "Dicere solebat Plinius senior nullum esse librum tam malum, ut non aliqua parte prodesset." This quotation from *Epist. 5, lib. 3* was popular. It is in the *Prólogo* to the *Comedia Selvagia*, 1554, F. de Valles's *Cartas familiares*, 1603, Rojas, *Viaje Entretenido*, 1604 and *Don Quijote*, Part II, Chap. III.
- Page 2.] *Tully.* "Honos alit artes, omnesque iocundantur ad studia gloria." *Tusc.*, I, 2. (Cejador.)
- desire for praise.* Cervantes has some good things to say about this in the *Quijote*, Part II, Chap. VIII.

Page 3.] *gross style*. Not significant. It is the traditional self-depreciation of 16th century prefaces. Cervantes in the Prologue to *Don Quijote*, speaks of his "sterile and ill-cultivated wit."

Your Worship. This formula, which occurs several times (pp. 11, 12, 19, 114, 120, 121, 125), we must consider an artistic device, merely, unless we believe it possible for the *Lazarillo* to be an autobiography.

Page 5.] *denied not*. John I, 20.

suffered persecution. Matthew V, 10, Douay version. (How.) The phrase "for the Gospel calls them blessed" is not in the *Castigado*. The passage is quoted in the *Celestina*, Act VII.

Moors. The affair of Los Gelves referred to again on p. 9, a disastrous expedition undertaken in 1510.

Comendador de la Magdalena. An officer of the order of Alcántara, with a living in Salamanca. (Cejador.)

Page 7.] *We need not wonder*. This sentence is not in the *Castigado*.

Page 8.] *They flogged and larded*. The practice of basting runaway slaves with hot fat was well known. Percivale-Minsheu, *Dictionary in Spanish and English*, London, 1623, defines *caçuela para pringar* as "a pipkin to keepe hot lard to drop upon Moores or Neagers, and on other malefactors." Cervantes says in *La Gitanilla*, "let them lard me like a runaway black."

La Solana. There was an inn of this name in Valladolid, mentioned by Cervantes in the *Casamiento Engañoso*. It may not be a proper name here. A *solana* was a sort of sun-parlor in the upper part of a house.

At this time. Here the *Castigado*, and Luna in his revision, begin a new chapter.

Page 9.] *A stone animal*. This bull, which is mentioned in the 13th century *Fuero de Salamanca*, was

still standing as late as 1836. In 1869 the *Comisión provincial de monumentos* rescued it, headless, from a pile of débris near the bridge. *Fuero de Salamanca*, ed. Sánchez Ruano, Salamanca, 1870, p. 33. A similar episode is found in a German folk tale. R. Köhler, *Kleinere Schriften*, vol. III, p. 610.

Page 10.] *one point more than the devil*. Compare this passage with that on p. 56. This was the traditional reputation of the blind man's boy, from the XIIIth century down. See note to p. xxiv.

thieves' jargon. An illustration of this is given by a contemporary: "talking jargon and changing the syllables, *coche* comes to mean *choque*." Seb. de Horozco, *Cancionero*, p. 245.

Gold or silver. Acts III, 6.

Page 11.] *prayers by heart*. These prayers were a part of the stock in trade of the blind beggars and those who practiced magic. Luna in his *Second Part*, Chap. II, mentions "the prayer of the Count, that of the Anchoress, the Just Judge, and many others that have virtue against the perils of the water." Cervantes knew the prayer of Santa Apollonia, *D. Q.*, Second Part, Chap. VII, which he may have got from *Celestina*, Act 4. He mentions several others in *Pedro de Urdemalas*. The prayer of the Count got into the *Index*. See excellent notes in Cervantes's *Coloquio de los perros*, ed. Amezua, pp. 592, 600, 631, 632.

Page 14.] *make good*. In the original, an untranslatable pun on the expression *rehacer la chaxa*, which means to play over a disputed point in the game of pelota.

half-farthings. Small coins of white metal.

Page 15.] *lift his voice*. "The blind man steals the half of every prayer he says; for having once received the money of him who orders the prayer, when he

- thinks the other is three or four paces away, he begins in his first tone of voice to ask again that they bid him pray." García, *Desordenada codicia de los bienes ajenos* (1619), Madrid, 1877, p. 76.
- little jug.* See note to p. XXIV.
- Page 17.] *He washed with wine.* See also p. 28. A current practice, mentioned in *Don Quijote*, Part I, Chap. XXXIV.
- Page 19.] *one of my own eyes.* An allusion to the mediæval tale of the avaricious man and the envious man, which is found in Spanish literature as early as the *Poema de Alexandre*. See Bédier, *Les Fabliaux*, p. 414; Crane, *Exempla of Jacques de Vitry*, No. CXCVI.
- Page 20.] *Almorox.* About twelve miles from Escalona. (Markham.)
- Page 22.] *by threes.* A version of this tale is given by the Portuguese Antonio Vieira in his *Arte de furta* (1652), Lisbon, 1855, p. 18. Braga extracts it for his *Contos tradicionaes* (vol. II, p. 138), but knows no variants.
- To which.*] This interpolation of Alcalá is very awkwardly soldered to what precedes and what follows. Those who consider these interpolations inferior to the rest of the work should bear in mind what Menéndez y Pelayo brought out in connection with the longer redaction of the *Celestina*, that such inferiority would not prove a different authorship. *Orígenes de la novela*, vol. III, p. XXVII.
- I speak the truth.* A prophecy fulfilled in the interpolation on p. 120.
- Page 23.] *anchoress.* See note to p. 11, and the excellent one in Cejador's *Lazarillo*, p. 108 ff.
- bad dinners.* Confirmed in the interpolation on p. 122.
- Page 24.] *Escalona.* Eight leagues from Toledo on

the Valladolid road. Juan Villuga, *Reportorio de todos los caminos*, 1546 (1902), fol. D iii.

Page 29.] *spirit of prophecy*. See page 120: "I have the job of crying the wines." This is the best sort of evidence of the artistic unity of the work.

Page 31.] *upon which and upon others like it*. Markham is wrong, then, when he says (*Lazarillo*, p. 29, note) this was a stone cross in the centre of the square.

Page 32.] *Smell, smell!* The Spanish *ole, ole* may be the imperative of *oler*, or it may be an exclamation. Cejador (p. 123) takes it the latter way.

Torrijos. A run of about nine miles.

Page 33.] *Maqueda*. Northwest of Toledo.

Alexander. The stock Spanish allusion to Alexander's generosity.

Page 34.] *I know not . . . habit*. Not in the *Castigado*. Passages might easily be adduced to show that this apparently gratuitous insult merely reflects a current notion.

wheaten loaf. These were offerings made by the faithful on certain occasions.

Page 35.] *conservees of Valencia*. Valencia is still famous for its sweets.

On Saturdays. Saturday was the day for slaughtering, and on that day, though a fast day, it was allowable to eat the heads, giblets, and feet of the slaughtered animals. *Lazarillo*, ed. Cejador, p. 131, and my note in *Modern Language Notes*, xxx, 1915, p. 88.

Page 36.] *I became so feeble*. There is a Spanish proverb that comes pat. "When the curate licks the knife, it's bad for his assistant."

confraternities. The word *cofradias*, as used in the text

- means a reunion of the members of a *cofradia*, or lay brotherhood. A Toledan proverb says: "Two *cofradías* and one *cigarral* carry a man to the hospital."
- quack-doctor*. These gentlemen had the reputation of being drunkards, as we learn from Estebanillo González, Cap. VI. Oddly enough the *saludadores* cured by breathing upon the patient.
- Page 38.] *as it is said*. Apparently an allusion to the Lord's prayer.
- continuous death*. This whole passage should convince every one that the author was a conscious artist.
- Page 40.] *Holy Ghost*. Not in *Castigado*. Neither is the passage below: "in the form . . . as they say," although the similar passage on p. 43 was allowed to stand.
- Page 41.] *remedy I remedied*. This repetition, which is a literal translation, was not offensive in the sixteenth century.
- Page 42.] *Saint John*. Gervaise of Tilbury gives a formula for restoring eyesight, in which St. John is invoked. Perhaps here we have a mere exclamation. Compare: "Saint Jehan! monsieur, dit-il, il est vray." Nicolas, *Grand Parangon*, No. 47. Also:
- Gonzaga*. A ship! St. John, whither are we bound now? Massinger, *Maid of Honour*, Act IV, Scene IV. The phrase *ciégale Santantón*, "blind him, Saint Anthony," was current also. Covarrubias, *Tesoro*, s.v. *cegar*.
- nine new pieces*. The original has a pun on *nueve* and *nuevas*.
- Page 48.] *King of France*. See the explanation suggested on p. XX of the Introduction.
- Page 49.] *old cuirass*. Examples of these, showing plainly the tacks, may be seen in A. F. Calvert's *Span-*

- ish Arms and Armour*, London, 1907, plates 17 to 17E. The chest was probably leather-covered to begin with, like the *arca encorada* of *Comedia Selvagia*, p. 83. if it be missing. The paronomasia is in the original.
- Page 50.] *saucos*. "La mejor salsa del mundo es la hambre." Hunger's the best sauce in the world. *Don Quijote*, Part II, Chap. V.
- Page 53.] *whistling of the snake*. Gerónimo de la Huerta, in his commentary on Pliny, says that the snake makes a "fearsome sound" by vibrating its tongue, and that certain varieties are so constructed that as they crawl, their bellies make a "whistling sound." *Traduccion de los libros de Caio Plinio segundo, Primera Parte*, Alcalá MDCII, fols. 187 and 188.
- Page 56.] *a healer*. One who healed by prayers and formulas. See note to page 11.
- Page 57.] *boy of a blind man*. See p. 10 and note. Priests' boys bore no better reputation if we may believe the *Comedia Florinea* (1554): "for learning rascality, it was of great advantage to me to have been a student for a year, and a curate's boy for another." Menéndez y Pelayo, *Orígenes de la novela*, III, 166.
- Page 58.] *Toledo*. From here on the story is localized in Toledo and its environs.
- Page 59.] *Charity*. Cejador (*Laz.*, p. 166, note) considers this an allusion to Astraea. Not so the editor of the *Castigado*, who cuts out the clause.
- Page 60.] *principal church*. The Cathedral.
- dark and dismal*. Notice the artistic preparation for the episode beginning on page 82.
- Page 65.] *constantly washed*. Since suggesting a correction to the text in this passage (*Modern Language Notes*, xxx, 1915, p. 88), I have learned that the editor

- of the *Castigado* had already adopted the same reading. In a number of cases the *Castigado* gives better readings than any of the editions of 1554.
- Page 68.] *Antonio*. There were at least four well-known Toledan sword-makers of this name. See Riaño, *Industrial Art in Spain*, p. 93; Calvert, *Spanish Arms and Armour*, plate 200A.
- Page 69.] *Count of Arcos*. A local magnate. The phrase "the chamberlain who handed him his clothes," is a quotation from the ballad of Conde Claros, which probably suggested itself to the author because of the similarity of the names. See *Mod. Lang. Notes*, xxx, 1915, p. 88.
- Page 70.] *the river*. The reference is to a promenade along the Tagus, called the Vega, "which is very delightful, and where the nymphs of the place go, at all seasons, to take their recreation, for in winter it is sunny, and in summer cool." A. de Rojas, *Viaje Entretenido* (1603), Madrid, 1901, vol. I, p. 296.
- Page 71.] *Macias*. A Galician poet who must have composed between 1360 and 1390, better known to tradition as the type of perfect lover. He is supposed to have met a tragic death as end to an illicit love affair. Puymaigre, *La Cour littéraire de Jean II*, vol. I, pp. 54-76; H. A. Rennert, *Macias, o namorado*, Philad., 1900; H. R. Lang, *Cancioneiro Gallego-castellano*, N. Y., 1902, nos. III-VIII, and pp. 161 ff.; Correas, *Vocab. de Refranes*, pp. 130-131.
- Page 72.] *God*. That is, bread, as on pages 40, 41 "bread paradise," and 43.
- Page 77.] *wolf's head*. "The excuse which one takes for making his profit, like the one who having killed a wolf, carries the head through the village, so that people give him something for having delivered the countryside of a pernicious and harmful beast." C.

Oudin, *Tesoro de las dos lenguas*, Paris, 1621, s. v. *cabeça de lobo*.

Page 79.] *short of bread*. The word *pan* in the text here means wheat. For a long time I hoped that this passage would help to date the *Lazarillo*, but I have not been so fortunate as to find mention of any particular sterile year between 1525 and 1553. The *Ordenanzas para el buen régimen . . . de Toledo*, Toledo, 1858, do not contain the ordinance referred to. The author has probably made literary material of his knowledge of the very old *ley de vagos*, which had been current in Toledo since before Peter the Cruel, and which provided that those vagabonds who did not provide themselves with masters or leave within three days, be given fifty lashes and be driven from the city. The penalty for a second offence was to have their ears cut off, and for a third offence, death. See the *Ordenanzas* cited above, p. V, note 1.

Quatro Calles. A square into which ran four streets, Ancha, Hombre de Palo, Obra Prima and Cordonerías. Martín Gamero, *Historia de la ciudad de Toledo*, Toledo, 1862.

Page 80.] *who made caps*. The importance of this industry is shown by the attention given to it in the old ordinances. See the *Ordenanzas . . . de Toledo*, p. 45 ff.

Page 82.] *I flattened myself*. The streets of Toledo are notoriously narrow.

Page 83.] *sad and unhappy house*. Foulché-Delbosc has found a version of this folk tale in the *Liber facetiarum* (*Remarques*, p. 92), the form of which suggests that it does not derive from the *Lazarillo*. Another version is that of the *Arte de Furtar* of Antonio Vieira (Lisbon, 1855, pp. 179-180), who gives the *Gazetas de Picardia* as his source, and follows *Lazarillo* quite

closely. The expression "house of Lazarillo de Tormes" was used in the 17th century to designate a wretched, ill-kept abode. Correas, *Vocabulario de refranes*, pp. 587 and 590.

Page 87.] *God keep Your Worship*. "God keep you" was the classic Castilian formula. In the *Cantar de myo Cid* we find "Dios vos curie de mal"! In a manual of politeness printed in 1532, the rules are laid down as follows: "You shall address them according to the deserts of each one, removing your cap, and making a reverence if the person is of sufficient importance, and you shall say 'I kiss the hands of Your Worship,' or 'God keep Your Worship,' or, if the person is not so important, 'God keep you.'" (Gutierrez Gonzalez, *Libro de doctrina cristiana*, in Gallardo, *Ensayo de una biblioteca española*, vol. III, col. 83.) By 1553 the *besamano* had come to be of general use, as we learn from the *Colloquios satiricos* of A. de Torquemada (Menéndez y Pelayo, *Orígenes de la novela*, vol. II, p. 538).

Page 88.] *where I was born*. Perhaps Burgos, which is just sixteen Spanish leagues from Valladolid, on the main road.

frugal. Cervantes uses the same word, *limitado*, in connection with the Duke's chaplain, whom he describes as one of those clergymen who, in their effort to make their charges frugal, only succeed in making them niggardly. *Don Quijote*, Part II, Chap. XXXI.

manille. "Malilla, a card agree vpon, that he that hath him may make of him, king, queene, knaue, ace, nine, ten, or whatsoever other card." John Minsheu, *Pleasant and Delightfull Dialogues*, London, 1623, p. 7, col. 2. See the description of the game of ombre in Canto III of the *Rape of the Lock*, where this card is called Manillio.

Page 90.] *which are customary.* The *Castigado* cuts out several lines here, to "that I should behave."

Page 96.] *TREATISE FOURTH.* The chapter is strikingly shorter than the preceding and the following. It should be borne in mind that the headings were probably not by the author, for whom this chapter was merely a transitional paragraph, all the more effective for its reticence. This treatise and the next are not in the *Castigado*.

La Merced. The order of La Merced, founded by Jaime the Conquistador, had as its chief mission the redemption of captives. Its rule seems not to have been so rigid as some. In the *Diálogo de Mercurio y Caron*, Valdés introduces a friar of La Merced (p. 19), who asks Charon if his habit will not save him from hell. Charon replies, "If you wore it in your heart it would avail you; but of what use is it to wear it over your body, when there is no sign of it within?" There is a "fraire" of this order in the *Lozana Andaluza*, "with a nose like a jug handle, and a foot like the oar of a galley." *Ed. cit.*, p. 21. Needless to say that the older Spanish literature, like that of the other European countries, contains many slurs on friars in general, though perhaps nothing so uncomplimentary as the anecdote in Chaucer's *Somonour's Prologue*. There is a particularly outspoken poem (ca. 1492) in Barbieri's *Cancionero musical de los siglos XV y XVI*, Madrid, 1890, no. 435.

Page 97.] *TREATISE FIFTH.* Omitted from the *Castigado*.

a pardoner. A seller of indulgences. These indulgences, called *bulas de la Cruzada*, were printed slips granting full remission of sins to those who contributed toward the expense of the campaign against the infidels. They contained blank spaces in which were set

down the name of the purchaser and the amount paid. An early example has been reproduced in the *Revista de Archivos, Tercera época*, vol. VIII, p. 162.

The amount derived from the sale of the pardons in 1551 is supposed to have been 440,000 ducats, of which the Church received only 20,000. The enormous profits accruing to the state from this source may account largely for the abuses which arose and persisted in the system. There can be no doubt that the pardoners were often unscrupulous in their methods and that the people suffered at their hands. Many texts of the 16th century show the ineffectiveness of the pragmatial by which Charles V endeavored in 1524 to prevent the agents of the Cruzada from forcing the indulgences upon the people.

Threats of excommunication were a favorite device with them. Another was to keep the people in the church listening to an endless sermon, while their work remained undone. Often the bulls were sold on credit, and the constable was used to collect the debt when due, and to attach the property of those who could not pay.

For a general discussion and special cases, see: H. C. Lea, *A History of Auricular Confession*, vol. III, pp. 412-416; Paz y Melia, *Sales españolas*, vol. I, p. 283; Gallardo, *Ensayo*, vol. IV, p. 172; López de Ubeda, *La Pícara Justina*, ed. Puyol, vol. III, pp. 161-164.

greenish pear. Oudin gives "Bergamote" for *verdinal*. *Tesoro*, Paris, 1621.

Page 98.] *in Latin*. Thus Chaucer's Pardoner:

And in Latyn I speke a wordes fewe,
To saffron with my predicacioun,
And for to stire men to devocioun.

Pardoner's Prologue, C344-346.

Page 99.] *Sagra of Toledo*. "A county or shire about Toledo." Percivale-Minsheu, *Dictionary*.

the constable. A constable regularly accompanied the pardoners, to assist them in making their collections.

Page 101.] *give up my staff*. The emblem of his office.

Page 106.] *Passion sermons*. Sermons preached on Holy Thursday and Good Friday to commemorate the passion and death of Our Lord. (That they are still made very moving in Spain we see from a reference in Valera's *Comendador Mendoza*: Madrid, 1888, p. 330: "Father Jacinto had, finally, the pathetic style of Holy Week." [How.]

Page 107.] *the death of the sinner*. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." *Ezekiel XXIII*, 11.

Page 108.] *In another village*. Interpolation of Alcalá. Lazarillo's reticence as to the name of the town is strikingly like that of Cervantes in the opening line of the *Don Quijote*.

There are two parallels known to me of the first of these pardoner stories. The Massuccio version I have mentioned already, the other is in Giacinto Nobili's *II Vagabondo*, Venice, 1627, and has been noted by Chandler, *op. cit.*, p. 202. Both involve the use of a false relic, which is in one case the arm of Saint Luke, and in the other the arm of Saint Sebastian. The common detail suggests a common source. On the other hand the *Vagabondo* story has the reference to *Ezekiel* which is found in *Lazarillo*.

I have found no variant of the second pardoner tale, the point of which is that the constable would in due time collect the fees which the people had unwittingly bound themselves to pay.

The third tale has a parallel in a story which Henri Estienne (1566) takes from Jean Menard (1540). "He (Menard) recites in the same place that he heard them say themselves (I mean these bearers of indulgences or collectors of Saint Anthony), that when they had an opportunity, they would heat little crosses or images of copper, while the goodwife went to get them something from attic or cellar: and when on returning she had made her offering, they had her kiss the said cross or image. When she found this to be hot, they made her terribly afraid by saying that Master Saint Anthony was not content with the offering she made him and was angry; wherefore the good woman would go back to fetch wherewith to increase her gift, and on bringing it would find the image cold: which they said was a sign that Saint Anthony was appeased." *Apologie pour Hérodote*, Paris, 1879, vol. II, p. 398.

Page 112.] *Licenciate Paschasio Gomez*. Probably as mythical as the Bachelor Borreguero, whose name is taken in vain in Vélez de Guevara's *Luna de La Sierra*.

Page 116.] [*Although . . . to preach*. Addition of Alcalá.

Page 118.] *Ropa Vieja*. A street devoted to trade in second-hand clothes. Many of the Toledan streets were named from the trades that flourished in them, as Lencería, Cordonerías, etc. Conde de Cedillo, *Toledo en el siglo XVI*, p. 140.

Cuellar. Famous, like Toledo, for its swords. Riaño, *Industrial arts in Spain*, p. 90.

with garnished sleeves and open in the neck. A character in Torquemada's *Colloquios* (1553), speaking of the styles of an earlier period, says: "The coats were very long. . . . They wore them cut low in the neck like a woman's chemise, and a very small *puerta*

(? flap, fly) in front, fastened with four tapes or laces." *Ed. cit.*, p. 528.

Page 119.] *TREATISE SEVENTH*. Viardot noted (p. XLII) the discrepancy between the heading and the contents of the chapter and suggested that "Mendoza desired to disguise under the incomplete title the real subject of the chapter, which is the most delicate of all." I have tried to show that the author did not make the rubrics.

Page 120.] *A royal office*. If we substitute "a government position" the satire is equally applicable to life in Madrid to-day. The office in question was the very lowest of all. "A *pregonero* . . . which is the basest office there is." *Peregrino Curioso*, I, 390 (quoted by De Haan in *Pícaros y ganapanes* in *Homenaje a Menéndez y Pelayo*); "Because I know how base is the office of town crier." *Estebanillo Gonzalez*, Cap. V. Documents of 1494 and 1568 give Quatro Calles as one of the squares where the criers made their proclamations. *Ordenanzas de Toledo*, pp. 93 and 149.

this very day. See the note to page XIV of the Introduction. The phrase "and reside. . . . Your Worship" is not in the Castigado.

In which vocation. Addition to Alcalá connected with the passage on page 22.

Page 121.] *Archpriest*. The situation must have been bad indeed which enabled Fr. Pablo de Leon to say in 1553 (*Guia del Cielo*): "Hardly will one find a cathedral or collegiate church where the greater part have not their concubines." (Quoted by Menéndez y Pelayo, *Heterodoxos españoles*, vol. II, p. 29.) Much later Cervantes called the slavey-heroine of *La fregona illustre*, "a rare bit for an archpriest or a Count."

San Salvador. This parish apparently did not exist in

1554, as Pedro Alcocer does not include it in the list of churches in his *Historia de Toledo* (1554). Markham says that this parish "has been joined to that of San Pedro since Lazarillo's time." *Lazarillo*, p. 98, note. Is it not likely that the author would use the name of a non-existent parish, to avoid offence?

great feast days. Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, Epiphany.

Page 122.] *although at this time.* Interpolation of Alcalá, referring to the passage on page 23.

Page 123.] *had lain in thrice.* A proverb and a popular song are sufficient commentary on this passage.

En Toledo no te cases compañero: no te darán casa ni viña, más darte han mujer preñada ó parida.

Correas, *Vocabulario*, p. 121.

Chapiron de la Reyna,

Chapiron del Rey,

Moças de Toledo, ya se parta el Rey.

Quedareys preñadas, no sabreis de quien,

Chapiron, &c.

Covarrubias, *Tesoro*, s.v. *chapeo*.

Page 124.] *anything that would sadden me.* I cannot forbear to quote a contemporary English story which leads me to think that the Lazarillo episode may have been built up from a folk anecdote.

"A certayne man, whose wyfe (as the voyce wente) was nat very chaste of her bodye: was warned of his frendes to loke better to the matter. The man wente home and sharpely rebuked his wyfe: and tolde her betwene them bothe, what his frendes had sayde. She knowynge that periurye was no greater offence than adoutry, with wepyng and sweryng defended her honestie; and bare her husbände on hande, that they feyned those tales for enuye that they hadde to

se them lyue so quietly. With those wordes her hus-
bande was content and pleased. So yet an other tyme
agayne, his frendes warned hym of his wyfe, and hadde
hym rebuke and chastice her. To whome he sayd: I
pray you trouble me no more with suche wordes. Telle
me, whether knoweth better my wiuers fautes, you or
she? They sayde: She. And she (quod he) whom
I beleue better than you all, sayth playnly, that ye lye.

“That was well and wysely done: For one ought nat to
gyue light credence to those thinges, wherin resteth
perpetuall grefe of mynde.” *Tales and quicke an-
swers*, XLIIII (*Hundred Merry Tales*, London, 1831,
p. 44).

Cortes. See Introduction, pp. XVIII-XX. Lively pic-
tures of the life in the capital may be found in the
works of Sebastian de Horozco, especially in the *Can-
cionero*, pp. 182 ff.

